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GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI.

THE LIBERATOR'S CLAIM TO PUBLIC RESPECT.

Hic niger est ; hunc tu, Romane, caveto.

THE man who writes the history of Italy for this century will find a frequent necessity for inserting the name of Giuseppe Garibaldi. That man has had a considerable share in the political movements that mark the last forty years ; not, however, as much by his suggestion of a motive nor his direction of movements. Garibaldi has been eminently instrumental in the great movements that distinguish the latter half of the present century, and his name has been heard in most of the calls for assistance in the cause of violent national change, or if not in the calls, at least in the response. The biography of Garibaldi will be an important ingredient in the element of history. Not as a statesman, for he has no single quality of statesmanship ; not for military science or successful strategy : he has none of the former with which to accomplish the latter. One or two instances

are cited by his admirers of what is called his brilliant success in a military movement. Those who know anything of the history of the events with which his movements were connected understand well that he acted for the sake of action and not for results ; and if, in the war between Sardinia and Austria, it is said by his friends that he was kept from position when action would have been conspicuous and probably would have produced important success, it is with greater certainty, with greater appearance of probability declared that a want of confidence in his ability to manage any considerable number of men induced the superior officer to place him in a position, which if it allowed of no favorable action, secured the whole army from the disadvantage of his mistakes ; mistakes most liable to occur with one who trusted more to his influence in minor politics than to his

statesmanship; more to knowing of the passions of the men placed under his command than to his knowledge of the art of war. Events showed that the leaders were correct. Garibaldi was wisely kept out of the way of the main army; he and his sub-command were only slight impediments to the general force.

We have said that Garibaldi is not a statesman: he is a great destroyer; his whole idea seeming to be to disturb, not to settle; to upturn, not to establish. Nor has he anywhere manifested a disposition favorable to the people, excepting to nurture discontent and promote convulsions. Fortunately for him the circumstances of many of the people with whom he acts are such as to make it much easier to promote disquietude and induce rebellion than it is to soothe and make peaceful. Garibaldi has undoubtedly a strong sense of what the people have suffered by bad government, and this strong sense is much more likely to be correct than are his views of measures and means for alleviating those sufferings. He labors under an error common to reformers, viz., that the opposite of wrong is right.

We are not about to prepare a biography of Garibaldi, or to write an essay on systems of government. We intend only to present some characteristics of the man and of events in his career by which opinion as to his claim to universal admiration may be appreciated.

Three points in Garibaldi's character have commended him to the earnest approval of the mass of people with whom he has been connected, or who have heard of him as active in the revolution which is now going on throughout the civilized world.

One is his undoubted personal individual courage: perhaps no man doubted that.

Another, his unchangeable zeal

in the cause which he undertakes to aid. We need not cite instances to prove that be his opinion right or wrong, he is constant to the cause.

Another, and a very important element in the character of Garibaldi, is his entire disregard of pecuniary results, not merely his neglect of the ordinary means by which such men fill their purses, but his absolute refusal to profit pecuniarily by any position to which he is called.

When Garibaldi was the *dictator* in Naples, and commanded the millions of dollars which were a part of the spoils of the city, he, in his anxiety to get away from association with Victor Emmanuel and Cavour, and unwilling to touch a carlino that belonged to the king, borrowed ten pounds sterling of an English gentleman, and hastened to his island of Capræa.

That probably was only a striking instance of what had marked his whole dealings with the public. Certainly the people understood the act and allowed it to increase their confidence in him.

Having done credit, perhaps more than justice, to certain qualities and conduct of Garibaldi, and being willing to admit that motives honestly held by him influenced in all these, we now wish to refer to him as deficient in statesmanship, as dangerous by his susceptibility to flattery and his tenacity of hate and desire of revenge. Nor must we omit two other elements of character. Garibaldi, under pretence of dislike to a particular church, is an enemy and contemner of Christianity, and while he denounces, with more than gentlemanly emphasis, the public respect which is paid to religious institutions, religious places, and religious observance, he improves the opportunities by acquiring personal consideration, by accommodating himself to the habit of

the people, and making demonstrations of respect to what he coarsely denounces as superstition and folly.

It is probable that none who think at all, have ever thought that Garibaldi possessed any of the qualities which go to make up even a second or third rate executive or legislative officer. His career as a member of the Italian Parliament was distinguished more by his sullen retirement to, and his masterly inactivity at his island of Capraea than by any suggestion or defence of measures for public good in Turin. His consideration among men of political distinction was less for any qualities which he possessed for political action than for the good opinion entertained of him by the lower stratum of the people. Nor was it believed by the ruling classes that Garibaldi had *influence* among the people equal to what a certain indefinable affection for him seemed to intimate to the less observing. It was better to keep up that feeling of the lower masses for Garibaldi than to allow a more subtle politician and skilful warrior to supersede him, and to acquire an influence which might be dangerous to the views of the existing powers; and so, in numerous instances, Garibaldi was tickled with some evidence of public confidence, and intimation of considerable employment, which, however, was never to be realized, lest his unskilfulness should jeopard the plans of the government, or his accidental success should jeopard the government itself.

The rulers of Turin were corrupt and false in almost every respect; it is, then, natural that they should suspect others of the same bad qualities. But that government, bad as it was, faithless to its promises to others, was true to itself. It never rewarded Garibaldi for his exertion to extend Sardinian rule from Piedmont over all

Italy, and transfer the seat of power from Turin to Rome, because that government knew that its destruction of certain small governments in Italy was only a part of the plan of Garibaldi, and that some step in advance would invite the destruction of the kingdom of United Italy. There was a religious sentiment remaining among the Italians which had been more than sufficiently outraged by the language and acts of Garibaldi, and so the masters of the government aimed to pause while they yet had political power, and showed a little hesitancy in robbing all the churches, and paused to manufacture some reason or excuse for what had been done, and to prepare the way for what was to be accomplished.

The delay was not a part of Garibaldi's system. He wished to crush the Church forever by destroying the means of its perpetuation, and ruining as far as possible all evidence of its existence. That he was a contemner of Christianity is evident, not only from his habitual neglect, but from his gross vituperation; and one opportunity presented itself for showing his hatred of religion and of offering an insult to God in pouring ridicule upon the first sacrament of Christ's Church. In his dodging about Italy he met with a family that had recently been enlarged by the addition of an infant. Forthwith the mission of the Liberator must be glorified, and Garibaldi was allowed to outrage the religious sense of Christianity by conferring on the child the sacrament of baptism. We do not know that we are exactly correct in stating that the religious sense of Christianity was outraged by the act of blasphemy, for we recollect that it was presented to the public by correspondents of newspapers, and generally as an ordinary exercise of the liberator's power superseding the functions of the

ministers of the Church. In the baptism the name of Italy was used instead of the Holy Trinity.

"But Garibaldi was successful in his efforts to conquer the south of Italy and revolutionize the Two Sicilies, and, therefore, he must be a great general." The history of this event would be quite too extended for an essay. The strong government of Ferdinand II had irritated one portion of his subjects, and had failed to insure the sympathies of another part, failed from neglect to secure them by employment, and the island of Sicily had never forgiven the affront of withdrawing the royal family from Palermo, and ruling that faithless island from the faithless peninsula. "Come," said they often enough, "take away from the capital city of this island the paraphernalia of royalty, or come and wear them here. We support the weight of a kingly government; let us have the benefit of royal presence."

The motley troops of Victor Emmanuel were landed at Marsalla, under the guns of an English fleet of three-deckers, that prevented the action of the Neapolitan smaller vessels, that should have, and without English guns could have, prevented the aggression. The troops thus landed proceeded to Palermo. Not a gun was fired, because probably none was owned in the whole distance from Marsalla to Palermo; and the conquest of the last-named city was, it is generally understood, the result of bribery to insure an easy conquest. It was stated that forty-four thousand ducats was the sum accepted for that purpose; and the marching and countermarching, and other mimic manœuvres at the gate of the city, were as much a matter of plan as it regarded the two forces, in that work, as are the movement of the two armies, that of the white and that of the red rose, in Shakspeare's historical play. And

the witnesses of the compact awaited with no impatience the result of the game on the deck or in the cabin of the British ship of war in the bay. It was not the military ability of Garibaldi, but the venal cupidity of one sent against him by the King of Italy.

Garibaldi proceeded to the conquest of Messina; that was not difficult. The city has no defence excepting the old citadel above it. To the astonishment of the rebel leaders, or rather the invader, the citadel of Messina was commanded by an old soldier; he refused submission to Garibaldi, who tried his military abilities, and failed. He proceeded to the Continent, and the citadel of Messina never yielded till the kingdom fell with the fall of Gaeta, many months afterwards. Naples was also sold out, and Garibaldi got possession without the exhibition of military skill.

The Neapolitan forces took position some eight or ten miles beyond Naples, towards Capua, and the entire want of practical military knowledge in Garibaldi was daily manifested. Neither he nor his officers could use a cannon, and in the daily skirmishes between the two parties some English and some American navy officers used to amuse themselves by discharging the field-pieces which Garibaldi possessed, but did not know how to use. The arrival of Victor Emmanuel with his army relieved Garibaldi from his condition, which was daily becoming worse; deprived the English and American lieutenants of the pleasant opportunity of exercising their skill in gunnery, and compelled Francis the Second to leave the beautiful capital of a nation which his father knew how to rule, but which the son did not know how to retain. In none of the movements of the invasion which ended in the destruction of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies did Garibaldi show any military

qualifications but that of personal courage.

We have already referred to Garibaldi's hostility to religion, and mentioned the instance of his ridiculing the sacrament of the Church, to show his feelings towards Christianity. We might cite other instances of conduct proceeding from the same motive, but we prefer to show that with all his contempt of religion and its ordinances, with all his affected hatred for what he termed priestcraft, he had the hypocrisy to desire to exhibit himself as a devotee of the Church, and as holding in a reverential regard what the Church declares to be a miracle.

On the 7th of September, Garibaldi came into Naples, accompanied by Don Laborio Romano, one of the ministers of King Francesco, and such was his desire to be considered a devout Catholic, that he persuaded Don Laborio to conduct him to the Cathedral, that he might see and adore the miracle of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, in the presence of the clergy of the Cathedral.

Don Laborio, though a non-believer in almost everything that constituted a part of a Christian creed, could not refrain from directing the coachman to drive to the Cathedral, and the "Dictator" caused his presence to be announced, with an intimation that he had come to adore the miracle. The priests in charge of the sacred edifice and of the relics of the sanctuary, were not without some knowledge of the extent of Garibaldi's piety, and especially of his profound respect for the miracle; and they sent word to the great man, who appeared to desire to show his condescension to the Church of God, that they should not violate conscience by displaying the relics to one who came only to insult by mockery, or to achieve a little popularity by hypocritical professions of

respect. Failing in this first attempt to impose upon the religious susceptibilities of the humbler classes of the Neapolitans, Garibaldi learned that on the very next day an opportunity would be afforded for another attempt to deceive.

On the 8th of September, the King of the Two Sicilies and royal family were wont to proceed, with remarkable pomp, from the Royal Palace to the Church of the Pie-de-Grotto, and, after formal reception by the clergy in a chapel specially reserved for His Majesty's use, offer prayer and thanksgiving. As there was no longer any king in Naples (Francesco having left two days previously), it was resolved that Garibaldi should take the king's place; so at the hour appointed, instead of a double file of soldiers extending nearly two miles, from the palace to the Church of the Pie-de-Grotto, a few pedestrians were seen passing along the Strada de Chaia, and a little later, a single carriage, containing Don Laborio Romano and Garibaldi, was driven rapidly along the street. When the carriage reached the church the two gentlemen alighted and entered the building, but no clergyman was seen, and the door of the king's chapel was found locked. Don Laborio and Garibaldi returned in an open carriage, and in a rain, which for efficiency could not be equalled out of Naples.

These two attempts to acquire a character for religious feeling signally failed, and never since has Garibaldi offended public sentiment by a public profession of regard for anything that belongs to religion. The baptism above noticed, in which Garibaldi officiated as a priest, was professedly performed to show contempt for the sacrament.

What would have been the effect on Garibaldi's future conduct toward religion had he succeeded in imposing upon the Neapolitans a

belief of his sympathy with them in their modes of worship, their objects and ways of religious regard, it is not possible to say; but certainly the rebuke which he received at the Cathedral and at the Church of the Pie-de-Grotto, soured him so much, and influenced his language and action so entirely, that it soon became a principle of those who followed him in efforts at political revolution, to follow him also in hostility to religion, so that now the revolution in Italy is absolutely *stayed*, by the difficulty which a portion of the people have to denounce Christianity and ridiculing its forms of expression. This difficulty is being gradually removed, and religion is being made the handmaid of politics.

The success of Garibaldi in achieving personal popularity was a great misfortune for him. He could not but see that the situation of public affairs, the disturbance in the north of Italy, and the success of a certain sentiment of disloyalty, were results of action and the consequence of movement in which he had no share; but as the public seems always to desire some individual to represent or be accountable for important results, he was not unwilling to be the object of public applause, and to consent to the decision which declared him the arbiter of nations and the liberator of mankind.

Those who were using the influence of Garibaldi among the people, and allowing him the reward of temporal glorification for events which they had planned, lost no opportunity to make him ridiculous, and to show his inability to sustain a position that required thorough plans and knowledge of execution. Among the triumphs of the professed friends but real enemies of Garibaldi, was a successful effort of a few Piedmontese to entice the liberator into a marriage, which they knew would, while it demon-

strated his susceptibility to flattery, diminish his chance for acquiring permanent power.

The *London Times* contained glorious accounts of the immense popularity of the great general, the modern Cincinnatus, the Washington of Italy; and it was by some said that nothing short of the first place in the nation could be offered to him. It was hinted by many that the ministers of Victor Emmanuel had become alarmed, lest Garibaldi should, by way of a stepping-stone to supremacy, find a princess willing to take him as a husband, and thus smooth down prejudice as it regards birth and wealth.

And such a fear was better grounded than many seemed to think. The people had been made acquainted with the gross immoralities of the King, immoralities which seemed to mock what little of public virtue was left, and to be without the small explanation of gratification of ordinary appetite: the habits of royalty there were not merely immoral, they were indecent.

Undoubtedly Garibaldi at that time was an object less of hope of what he would do as an instrument of Cavour and others than of fear of what he would attempt when he had orders to accomplish what Cavour and others were planning.

We have said that Garibaldi's movements in the north of Italy were specially reported in the *London Times* by an English lady, busy and noisy about Turin, and aiding in keeping up the vanity of Garibaldi. This lady seemed to have especial care of the liberator's public affairs and to have borrowed somebody's dictionary of glowing epithets. It was announced that an alliance between the great man and a certain noble lady was about to take place, and preparations for the event were detailed with wonderful precision. At length it was

announced that the greatest of great men had that very morning led to the hymeneal altar the lovely and accomplished Countess —. Such a union, of course, allayed the apprehensions of the government, and Garibaldi, who had once enjoyed the domestic blessing of an accomplished sympathizing woman, whose highest title was to be the wife of Garibaldi, was left without any such comfort. It was a terrible misfortune, but it was the natural result of his new association with the artful and interested Piedmontese government, and the coaxing blandishments of an English woman, that could in no other way so effectually gratify a bad feeling. The countess, it is said, *returned*—but not to Garibaldi.

Garibaldi is now, or was a few months since, meditating upon his future,—learning, perhaps, that Cavour and others took advantage of a zeal not according to knowledge, and an influence that might be badly employed. He offers his services now to assist in almost any revolutionary movement, but the offer is respectfully declined. The political world seems to be sufficiently unsettled for the highest wishes of Garibaldi, but unfortunately for him his irreligious feelings are not satisfied with the ostracism of priests and the persecution of the Catholic Church. His anti-religious sentiments include opposition to religion of any kind, as his plans of political disorganization included every kind of government that implies restraint.

He has satisfied himself with aiding or commending any effort that tended to pull down; he seems to have no scheme for building up.

Another most mortifying discovery the liberator has been compelled to make, a discovery that the profession of confidence and approval which certain governments have made toward him were only intend-

ed to incite him to action that must enure to their benefit, while they treat him with contempt whenever he has accomplished that *part* of his work which completed all their schemes.

Garibaldi was, it appears, the idol of the Piedmontese government when he was at work to procure the Two Sicilies for the king; but before he had accomplished what he appeared to think was his great work, Cavour steps in with his other tool, Victor Emmanuel, and shows that Garibaldi was merely employed to draw the chestnuts from the fire. Those who saw the convulsion of Naples at and after the departure of Francesco, cannot fail to recall the bitter disappointment of Garibaldi at discovering that his task was performed before his work was finished; nor can they doubt that he left Naples to escape association with Victor Emmanuel, whose orgies were offensive to a man like the liberator, who, whatever were his political errors, seems to have maintained domestic and social proprieties. The pertinacity with which Garibaldi has adhered to what he regards as popular rights, and his efforts to revenge popular wrongs, insured for him an enviable consideration among the reasonable. That he has not been able to do much for himself, or by himself, for the greatly wronged, is not due to any want of cause for his hostility to tyrannical government, but rather to his want of ability to sustain a position which circumstances provided for him, and to his lack of self-knowledge.

We concede to Garibaldi an ardent love of liberty and a strong desire to assist—to lead (especially to lead) in any enterprise which shall enlarge the political liberties of others.

We concede to Garibaldi entire sincerity in his professions of interest in the great work of human free-

dom. And that honesty, perhaps, descends even to his hostility to Christianity!! else would he not be so persistent.

We concede to Garibaldi a remarkable absence of all desire to profit pecuniarily by any position which he may occupy, a degree of disinterestedness which has had a very important agency in securing to him the confidence of the people.

We concede to Garibaldi an unusual success in winning the favor and confidence of the lower class of society. It may be said that he had also the confidence of the upper classes—and so he had; but the confidence of the lower classes was perfect and unlimited. They depended on his plan and his thorough execution thereof. The confidence of the higher class was founded only on his sympathy with the lower class, and to his ability to call them into action. The Piedmontese government never trusted Garibaldi beyond the first steps of aggression. The ministry watched his movements and checked or superseded him in military positions whenever it became possible for him to appropriate his success to the cause of popular government.

The British government willingly aided to discomfit the Neapolitan king and assist Garibaldi in invading Sicily and pursuing victory on the peninsula, but it had no confidence in his ability to secure the benefits of any success, and only countenanced the movement of 1860 to weaken France and to cater to a religious prejudice at home. Of the consequence of weakening France Great Britain can now judge better than she could when she assisted the invading Sardinian troops to land at Marsalla, and assisted with counsel on board of her own ships the invasion of Palermo.

We have conceded to Garibaldi personal courage, honesty of purpose, and indifference to pecuniary results, and a power of securing the

confidence of the lower class. But we have shown that he lacked military knowledge to handle an army of more than a thousand men, and that he was remarkably deficient in all the primary knowledge of a military officer, which would enable him to seize upon a favorable position on which to place his cannon for offence or defence, and, still worse, had accident or necessity suggested a right position, he was wholly unable to charge or discharge his guns.

His want of any qualities for civil leader was shown when he acted as "dictator" to Naples. The wildness of his schemes for benefiting the people was really ridiculous. The project to erect whole streets of palaces for the poor, at a cost of at least fifty millions of dollars, served to open the eyes of some who had believed that a love of the people would be better manifested by some scheme that would not ruin the city.

Those who are acquainted with the streets of Naples will confess the folly of a scheme announced by Garibaldi as dictator, viz., that he would cut a broad avenue (*Strada*) from the *Albergo dei poveri* (the almshouse) diagonally through the city to the lower part of the Marinella, and erect on each side splendid palaces for the lazaroni and the working-people. There were other schemes equally as impracticable, or if practicable, ridiculous and injurious.

The sudden appearance of Cavour put an end to the schemes of Garibaldi, and added to his wishes to leave his residence at the head of the Toledo.

His deficiency in qualities that distinguish our great statesmen and warriors will, in time, place Garibaldi in the list of those who, seizing upon public agitation, did some good even among the great evils they promoted, and whose lives and conduct show that they seek an end

by unjustifiable means, and fail to sustain themselves or their cause for want of power to influence a people when the excitements of rebellion, invasion, or convulsion have passed.

Garibaldi is now a disappointed man, and he now sees that while he thought he was accomplishing a work of his own design he had been only the tool of others; and his personal insignificance was felt more by the consciousness that his work was checked when half performed because it was *his* work.

It was evident to lookers-on in Italy in 1860-1 that Garibaldi was watched with a vigilance that manifested on the part of the rulers a determination to encourage the man only so far as his influence was to aid the Piedmontese government, and when by any means the work of rupture had reached a point at which convulsion and invasion were to produce revolution, Garibaldi was disposed of in some way to mortify his personal vanity and separate him from his friends in the army. He was treated with an appearance of consideration while he was apparently leading a force against the Neapolitan government, but when a certain point was gained he was made to understand that it was necessary to *settle* some matters of government, and that his services having been accepted only for disturbance, he should return and make room for a class of military men who had been purchased with ducats, and who were willing to witness without protest or efforts at remedy, the ends which were consequences or a part of their own disloyalty.

Garibaldi never had the affection of the Piedmontese government nor of the new Italian government; he was watched and guarded during the trouble that preceded the conquest of Naples and the Two

Sicilies. He was like the lion harnessed to draw the car of an old Roman, more from fear what he might do than love for what he was doing. In his progress from Messina to Naples, and his residence in or near Naples, he was the continual object of espionage; and the follies which he committed near Capua were blazoned in a way to affect injuriously his relations with the people, and excuse the government for withholding its confidence.

Garibaldi felt all that, and taught his sons to seek for an opportunity of revenge. The wound which Garibaldi received in his foot from an Italian gun at a later day, while leading a small detachment, was the blunder or the unskilfulness of the Italian officers. It was not the foot, but the heart of the great agitator that was to feel the ball.

Garibaldi's love of popular rights grew and overspread most other qualities. He is now perhaps a *Communist*, and may persist, like the more illustrious Anello, who, in his frenzy to show his contempt for religion, betook himself to the pulpit and came down a raving maniac. What will become of the liberator we cannot tell. We do not foresee what is to be the extent of the revolutions in most parts of Europe; but certainly nothing more than temporary destruction can cheer his age. The first object at which he aimed, the destruction of the Catholic religion and of conservative political principles, will not be attained in his day; and while he mourns the general failure of his plan, he has to feel the deep sting of the bitter ingratitude of those who have profited by his labors, and have left him in his old age to sigh over blighted hopes and be anathematized by those whom he has clothed with power to oppress him.

IMMUTABLE.

SHRIEK out, ye fuming, foolish horde!
 Shriek out and lift your puny hands
 In rage against her; still she stands,
 Unawed, unbent by wrath or sword!

Look back, vain vanquishers of nought,
 Poor moths, that flutter round a blaze,
 Look back to her primeval days,
 And see what Heaven and time have wrought.

Behold the paths of centuries
 All strewn with wrecks of Throne and State,
 And where earth's proudest monarchs sate,
 The dust of long-dead dynasties;

While she, upon whose shield of truth
 Have rained the shafts of spite and spleen,
 With blows of empires dealt between,
 Still wears the mien and glow of youth,

Still reaches forth her saving arms
 To raise mankind from blight and sin,
 Nor quails in all the shock and din
 That thrill the world with wild alarms.

Great Queen of souls, not all the force
 Of ingrate, impious man can take
 One jewel from her crown, or shake
 The firmness of her sacred course.

Her feet are set in changeless ways,
 She rules by faith and love alone,
 Her realm extends from zone to zone,
 And choirs of ages hymn her praise!

Play out your plays of tragic hate
 Or clownish spite, ye little things;
 She never feared the mightiest kings,
 She fears you not, she well can wait.

Your days are brief, but hers are long;
 * You flourish through a fretful hour,
 She moves with grand, majestic power
 Where time's great shades around her throng.

CHRISTIAN BURIAL; HEATHEN CREMATION.

OUTSIDE the domain of faith, in the old dispensation, and the sacred gospel, the prospect beyond this mortal life was a speculation perplexing and alarming for the ignorant and the wise in all ages of the world. It was a melancholy reflection for the Gentile that human existence might terminate in the grave, and the evening of life be succeeded by an eternal night. Beyond the visible boundary of death what would be the condition of man; through what scenes he would pass, whether he had cause for hope or fear, no human sagacity could discover. Around the grave it was entirely a region of uncertainty, a land of darkness whence no information was received. The vulgar amused themselves with fictions, the wise with uncertain conjectures; but that the body should obtain an incorruptible union with the immortal soul was not expected. Thank heaven! the light of revelation has dissipated all uncertainty about our future state, and has given us an inestimable assurance that the grave does not destroy our being, that the close of our mortal career is the commencement of immortal life. "I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren," says St. Paul, "concerning them that are asleep, that ye sorrow not even as others who have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also who sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." There can be nothing more cheering than this information, even amidst the other numerous and ineffable consolations of our noble religion. What, we may ask, is the greatest sadness of human life encountered in the mere consideration of man's mortal condition, the tenant of a valley of tears?

Will we cite poverty, sickness, "perils on the road, perils of the sea, perils with false brethren?" Certainly not. According to general public opinion man is not to be pitied, but rather congratulated, for bravely battling with such things; for, in the combat, he reaps the laurels of a hero, he earns the praise awarded to exalted mind, and to greatness of soul. The dark calamity extinguishing every light, the cold blight withering every flower, the sad cloud shrouding the life of man in grief and mourning, is to be found in death, and in death alone. Blessed, then, is the hope founded on faith, enlivened by charity, which reconciles to death, and disarms that last adversary of its terrors. We may justly speak of that hope as the first ray which flashed from the glory of Christ arisen to make the grave smile with the joys of life. In that fair light we perceive that, although it is appointed for man to die once, although the vital union between soul and body must one day be dissolved, yet the separation is temporary, and conducive to a perfect union that never will be destroyed. We are taught to look upon death as a retreat from fear and pain, the gate to immortality, the passage to glory, the avenue of heaven. For, we are assured, that "we shall go whither our Saviour is gone, and that where he is we shall be also." By the instruction of the divine WORD we know and believe that the hour is coming, when "all that are in the grave shall hear the voice of the Son of man, and shall come forth." He who was "made flesh," who was man to feel our woes and God to help us, declared that he would raise the dead, and for a testimony he arose triumphantly from the

sepulchre, thus guaranteeing that he would fulfil in us what had been accomplished in his own person. With majestic simplicity he utters the assurance, "I am the resurrection and the life, he that believeth in me though he were dead yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." How this shall be is not a question of moral import. It suffices for all the purposes of religion to be informed that, though "we lie down in dishonor we shall be raised in glory."

Under the inspiration of those sacred truths the burial of the people of God has always been in harmony with the ordinances of religion, the instincts of reason, and the interests of society. Christian interment is an exact fulfilment of the penitential obligation imposed upon erring man by the Creator: "Dust thou art, and into dust thou shalt return" (Gen. 3). It is proper that the dead be not suddenly forgotten, in order that wholesome instruction may occasionally be imparted at the grave. Therefore Ecclesiastes says: "It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting, for in that we are put in mind of the end of all, and the living thinketh what is to come" (Eccl. 7). None of the absurd, ridiculous, and impious usages prevalent amongst the Gentiles have ever been allowed by the true worshippers of the Judge of the living and the dead. The Patriarchs of the ancient covenant interred the dead in a most solemn and decorous manner. "And so Abraham buried Sara his wife in a double cave of the field, that looked towards Mambre, this is Hebron in the land of Chanaan. And the field was made sure to Abraham, and the cave that was in it, for a possession to bury in, by the children of Heth" (Gen. 23). When Abraham died "Isaac and Ismael his sons buried him in the double

cave which was situated in the field of Ephron." Isaac and his wife Rebecca were interred in the same place; and Jacob "charged his sons," saying, "I am now going to be gathered to my people; bury me with my fathers in the double cave which is in the field of Ephron" (Gen. 49). When the sacred history mentions funerals we never find the slightest trace of the barbarous notions of ancient or modern heathens. The action of pious Tobias shows that the people of God regarded interment of the dead as a duty of charity. The deprivation of sepulture was esteemed a disgrace and a severe chastisement. Hence the Prophet Jeremias published this terrible threat: "At that time, saith the Lord, they shall cast out the bones of the kings of Juda, and the bones of the princes thereof, and the bones of the priests, and the bones of the prophets, and the bones of the inhabitants of Jerusalem, out of their graves. And they shall spread them abroad to the sun, and the moon, and all the host of heaven whom they have loved. . . . They shall not be gathered, and they shall not be buried" (Jer. 8).

Since the foundation of the Church, the faithful have been careful to testify to the doctrine of the resurrection, by religious attention for the remains of departed brethren. They did not burn them like the inhuman Greeks and Romans, nor did they approve of the absurd mummeries of the Egyptians; but like the faithful of every generation since the creation, they acted in conformity with the injunction of holy writ, which says, "Cover the body of the just, and neglect not his burial." Tertullian, writing in the second century, says, "They washed and embalmed the venerated remains, and expended more in perfumes for the dead than the pagans at their sacrifices." The history of the early ages of

Christianity gives full information about the imposing and respectful funerals of those who in life had been "marked with the sign of the most Holy Trinity." The corpse was enwrapped in fine linen, or silk stuff, and sometimes clothed in rich apparel. After an exposition and vigils of prayer during three days, it was conveyed to the grave, accompanied by torch-bearers and chanters singing praises of God, and psalms expressing faith and hope in the resurrection. Solemn prayers, with the most adorable sacrifice, were offered, and an entertainment called *agape*, with other alms, were given to the poor. Memorial suffrages were repeated annually, and a daily remembrance was made in the celebration of the holy mass. Some articles were occasionally interred with the deceased, to signalize their dignity and virtue; such were the instruments of their martyrdom, vials or sponges containing their blood; epitaphs, at least their names, medals, laurel leaves, crosses, and gospels.

In the faith and practice of every age regarding the care of the dead, we see the motive of the Church in all that concerns the demise of those who rest in the peace of the Lord. The holy spouse of Christ, who blesses the cradle and surrounds with protection the infant entering upon the journey of life, omits nothing of her respect for man, when he closes his mortal pilgrimage and descends into the grave, in submission to the penalty of returning to dust. The holy Catholic Church knows and feels that the Christian's corpse has been the dwelling of a soul made to the image of God, renewed by Jesus Christ, consecrated by the Holy Ghost, and nourished by the adorable sacrament, which is "a partaking of the body of the Lord, and a pledge of resurrection unto life everlasting." Hence the funeral

obsequies at the sanctuary; the lights sparkling around the bier, the aspersions of holy water, the wreathing of blessed incense, and the ceremonies whereby the Church endeavors to shroud the remains of those committed to her care. In like manner we can account for the prayer and benediction with which the cemetery is honored, to signify that we must regard as sacred the earth containing the bodies of those called to be saints, and who certainly become saints if they will live according to their vocation. Those venerable rites are not only honorable to the departed; they are instructive and consoling for the survivors, transporting our thoughts and feelings over the grave to the region of immortality, and verifying the communion of saints, by actually forming an interchange of holy offices between the living and the deceased.

We are not surprised, although very much disgusted, when at the present time the dupes of *modern thought* propose to perfect the Gentilism of our age by substituting cremation for Christian burial. Our Divine Master tells us that those who will not hear the Church are to be estimated as heathens and publicans; therefore it is quite consistent that the disciples of the father of lies should yearn for customs degrading to humanity, and revolting to common sense and to the holiest affections of religion. The proposal to burn the bodies of the deceased shows that its abettors are bereft of every principle and feeling of Christianity. It is evidently, from the above statements, a daring contradiction to all that religion has taught and practiced from the beginning; a felonious attempt to reproduce the fetid usages of satanical heathenism. We are shocked at the exhibition of brutality, which would dare to treat as a nuisance that human nature which was

united with the divine nature in the person of the WORD made flesh to redeem and save us. The utilitarian profession of those incendiaries indicates a fraternization with Judas, who grudged the waste of the spikenard with which dear

Magdalene anointed the feet of our adorable Saviour. They would abate considerable nuisance by following still farther the example of Judas, in dignified suspension from the bough of the greenwood tree.

PHILIP LANGTON'S PROMISE.

I.

"Now hush, my *d  arie*, hush, there's a man! Your mother is a poor creature, but she can take care of her little lad yet, and she *will*. It will never be *she* that will sit by and see him thrashed—not for all the Langtons and all the book-learning in the land!"

The speaker sat in her cottage kitchen, in an arm-chair by the fire-side, plaiting straw; a feeble, sickly-looking woman, with a querulous face. She had fretted herself into ill health two years ago when her husband died, John Morton, the Brent fisherman, who had lost his life one wild night coming home round the headland with his laden boat; and she was never likely, with her indolent and repining nature, to be anything but an invalid now for the rest of her days.

On a stool at her feet sat the boy whose unmerited whipping she bewailed—a small child, disfigured by abundant weeping. The room had also one other occupant, a dark-eyed girl of nineteen or twenty, who sat in the window sewing.

She sat sewing, but she let her work drop down upon her knees as Mrs. Morton spoke, and raised a face that was full of a strange kind of pain.

"Mother," she said, in a low intense tone, "I could not help it."

"You didn't try to help it," Mrs. Morton retorted quickly. "You

wouldn't care if Langton broke every bone in his body—as he nearly *has* done—bad luck to his ugly face," she cried, bitterly.

"Mother, hush!"

As Mrs. Morton spoke those last words the girl's eyes had flashed, and her fingers had contracted almost convulsively.

And yet few others, men or women, would have been much concerned at a far greater amount of vituperation passed upon Philip Langton; few who had had any dealings with him would have been disposed to stand up very warmly in his defence. He was not a popular man in Brent.

He had come to the place a year ago to be master of the village school, as it was called. High testimonials had procured him the appointment, nor indeed were his abilities ever questioned; *they* were all that could be desired, and more than were needed for the post. He was found, however, to be violent-tempered, haughty, reserved, independent, and soon got an ill name alike with parents and scholars.

He had been born and brought up as a gentleman. His father and mother had died when he was a child; at eighteen he had quarrelled with the uncle under whose guardianship he had been brought up, and utterly without resources of his own had left his house, and from that time to this his life had been a

restless battle and struggle. He was clever, ambitious, determined, and friendless. In twelve years, spite of his talents, he had risen to no higher post than this humble one of village schoolmaster.

In the same school at Brent, three months after the arrival of Mr. Langton, Margaret Morton had been appointed mistress. She was young to hold such a post, but since her father's death the support both of her mother and brother had fallen almost entirely upon her; and this circumstance, when the place became vacant last winter, had given her a strong claim to the appointment. She had besides been monitress in the school for some years; she was a good girl, too, and clever; everybody liked her, and before she had occupied her new post for a month it became clear that the whole school was of one feeling.

I say she was clever. In a very short time Philip Langton discovered that. Presently, moved, I suppose, by some feeling of kindness, he offered, if she cared for it, to help her to advance her studies. Perhaps she too had some ambition, some desire to be at a future time more than a village schoolteacher. Be that as it may, she accepted his offer, and she had now been his pupil for six months. He had found her quick, earnest, and trusting: repaying that trust, he had made himself to her patient, unwearied, and gentle. Master and pupil suited each other.

It was evening, seven o'clock on a June day. The school had long been cleared of its throng of children; books and slates were put away into their places; the brick floor was clean swept. At the girls' room the door was locked, but the boys' room was still open, and alone at the master's desk stood Mr. Langton, a thin, slight man, with a dark, resolute face, by no means prepossessing or handsome.

He used to give Margaret her

lesson usually about this hour, and he was waiting for her now. To-day, however, he had to wait a quarter of an hour or more before she came. When she did come at last he was writing, and only raised his head for a moment as he heard her step.

"You are late," was all he said.

"Yes; I was detained a little while at home."

She had brought out her books and arranged them before he moved from his desk. Coming at length in silence, he drew a seat beside her, and took the open book out of her hands.

"What have you prepared?"

"Those two pages."

He began to question her upon them forthwith. She could usually answer what he asked her readily; to-day, however, her thoughts were evidently wandering. He tried more than once to fix her attention, but still, in spite of that, the lesson was ill said.

He put down the book at last.

"You are not well to-day?" he asked.

"Oh, yes; I am well," she said, quickly.

"What are you thinking of, then? Not of your lesson?"

"No." She hesitated a moment.

"Tell me."

"I wanted to speak to you, Mr. Langton," she said, suddenly. "You were very angry with my brother this morning."

"Well?"

"You hurt him very much."

"I meant to hurt him."

"He is very young."

"Young or old, he did *wrong*."

There was a pause. Mr. Langton sat forward, leaning his dark face on his hand.

"Well?" he said again.

Her eyes had fallen. When he questioned her they looked back to his face; she began to speak again, and gradually as she spoke her cheek flushed hot and bright.

"Could you not be a little gentler with them—a little less angry with them when they do wrong? I know that they must be punished; I know that Tom deserved to be punished to-day; but—if you could be a little gentler! When you are angry every one misunderstands you. Oh, Mr. Langton!" she cried, "you do not know half of what is said against you!"

The tears had sprung up into her eyes; her earnest distress had filled her face with a look almost of passion.

"I cannot attend to all the fools' tongues in Brent," was his scornful answer. "Stand *you* by me and they may talk as they please."

"But could you not bear a little with them?" she pleaded timidly. "Mr. Langton, you must not think that they can do you no harm. They *can* harm you. They are saying already"—the poor girl's voice almost broke down—"they are saying already that you will not be much longer here."

"Aye? are they saying that?" and he laughed.

She gave him one sad look, and then dropped her head, and spoke no more. Her clasped hands lay on her lap; presently as she sat large tears fell down and wet them. She never moved: he also sat motionless. She thought he did not know she was weeping, but she was wrong there; he was conscious of every tear she shed.

Quietly watching her, he let the silence last for several minutes; then bending to her at last, he said these words:

"If it comes to that—if I am not to be here much longer—Margaret, will you let me leave Brent as poor as when I came?"

She started as he spoke, but she neither replied to him nor raised her head. He did not withdraw his look from her: after a few moments he spoke again.

"I have loved no woman before.

You are my first love, Margaret. Will you be my wife?"

She answered him then.

"What am I that you should ask me this?" she said, in an agitated voice. "I am nothing but a poor, ignorant girl. Oh, no—no—no!" she cried. "Your wife must not be one like me!"

"Margaret!" he said.

She had not looked up till then, but at that call, as if its passionate tenderness compelled her, she raised her face. What need was there to speak again? By her two hands he drew her near to him, and took her in his arms.

II.

THEY told no one of their engagement, for they knew the outcry that would on all hands follow its discovery, and no one suspected it. For three months they were both happy.

Even in the school during these months there was improvement. Margaret's power over Mr. Langton was very great; one word or one look from her, one touch of her hand, could subdue him in his angriest and haughtiest moods; and, rendered pliable by his love for her, he strove, and often strove successfully, to bend his pride and curb his temper. Thus, for a time, all things went wonderfully well. But this hollow kind of peace was not a thing to last. Margaret could not be always by his side, or in his sight; and one day at length, in an unlucky hour, suddenly, without warning, the three months' tranquillity expired.

At last the bitter feeling so long pent up in the breasts of the busy people of Kent broke forth in an open quarrel with Mr. Langton. They were really wrong in the ground of quarrel and Philip right; but Philip, in his indignation, forgot all deference due to them as his employers, stood up before them as their equal, and the end of that

day's business was that when the door of the schoolhouse closed that afternoon, it closed forever upon Philip Langton.

He had written the sentence of their separation. Margaret knew that, but she did not reproach him. They met together that evening for the last time, at the foot of a cliff beside the sea, which had witnessed many a meeting of theirs before, with the calm wide water stretching from their feet.

"It must have come, sooner or later," he said. "Do not grieve so for it, my darling. I was wasting time here. My going now will only bring me back to you the sooner."

She looked up wistfully to his face.

"The future is all so dark," she cried; "we cannot see into it. I feel as if I was holding the last link of a golden chain; and to-night—to-night before I sleep—it will have fallen from me."

"No; it will *not* have fallen!" he answered, cheerfully. "Your hand grasping one end, mine holding fast the other, it will remain stretched out between us until the hour that I come back. Margaret, I will work for you; I will struggle for you; I will rise for you. And *you*," he cried, "wait for me! for no power, but the power of God taking my life, shall keep me from coming back."

"I will wait," she said. "I will wait years and years. If you die before I ever see you again I will wait for you till we meet in heaven."

III.

SHE did wrong to keep their engagement from her mother. Poor Margaret knew that, and was troubled by the knowledge; but she had not courage to awaken the storm of abuse which she knew well would fall upon her head should she divulge it, so she let time pass on,

and told her mother nothing. She kept her secret for two years, hearing from her lover occasionally, but not often, and living on her silent trust in him.

After these two years were ended, one day, a bright summer afternoon, Mrs. Morton stood at her cottage door, shading her eyes from the strong sunlight as she looked eagerly towards the schoolhouse, whence the school-children were coming pouring out and swarming down the road, and whence presently, with a step that was slower than theirs, came Margaret. Mrs. Morton's tongue was loosed as she drew near.

"Oh, dear me! what a time that school does keep you!" she ejaculated. "Such a state I've been in all day; my poor head's just worn out with thinking. Margaret, you never will guess as long as you live, but what *do* you think the postman brought me here this morning?"

"What, mother?" As she spoke Margaret's whole face flushed.

"Oh, you may well ask what. I tell you you'll never guess. Why, he brought a letter from your Uncle Tom, in America—who might have been dead and buried, for anything I've known, these five years—and he's sent us money to go out to him. Yes—he says we're to go out to him, every one of us, and he'll keep us as long as we live. Why, Margaret!" Mrs. Morton cried. "Margaret! God bless the girl, are you going to faint?"

"Mother, come in. Mother, come in and shut the door."

White and trembling Margaret passed into the kitchen. She let her mother join her there, and grasping her hands tight within her own, she began to speak hurriedly, in a low, constrained, almost hard tone.

"Mother, I cannot go; I cannot leave England," she said. "If you go, you must go alone. No—no—don't look like that at me. *I*

have had news, too, to-day. Oh, mother!" she cried, all hardness suddenly breaking down as she clasped Mrs. Morton's hands upon her breast, "speak gently to me, look kindly on me. Dear mother! dear mother! I am going to be Philip Langton's wife."

Mrs. Morton stood before her daughter, face to face, and caught her by her arms.

"You are going to be *what*?" burst from her lips. "Going to be *what*?" she cried.

"I am going to be his wife." Her answer came almost triumphantly now. "I promised him long before he went. He wrote to me to-day to tell me that he could marry me. And he is coming!" she cried, the light flashing up into her face.

It was the last flash of gladness that lighted that poor face for many a day to come. Margaret had told her secret, and what followed was a storm of tears and passionate reproaches so violent as to exhaust all the small stock of strength that Mrs. Morton had, and force her, before many hours were over, to her bed, where she lay and sobbed and moaned all night, and by morning had worn herself ill enough to make Margaret unable to leave the house. Throughout that whole day, from morning to night, her daughter sat beside her, listening to her reproaches and her self-bewailings, and her passionate entreaties. For years past, indeed for wellnigh her whole life long, Mrs. Morton had been very well aware that her strength lay in her fretful pertinacity, and her deadness to every other creature's comfort but her own. In former days she had ruled her husband by her querulous selfishness; for years she had ruled her daughter by the same means: selfishness was to her her armor of proof, and, as she had resorted to it in countless straits before, so she resorted to it now. Margaret had

worked for her, and devoted herself to her, and humored her, and Mrs. Morton felt that it would be hard now to do without this filial care; and feeling this, whatever a generous and noble nature could least bear to have itself accused of, these things did the mother launch at her daughter's head. She hung herself as a dead weight round Margaret's neck, and then, wringing her hands, called every one to witness how Margaret was about to throw her mother off.

For two days Margaret bore this persecution almost in silence, sitting hour after hour by her mother's side, with her poor heart growing cold and faint within her. What should she do? They were all against her — mother, brother, friends; she had no one to take her part, no one—not a single one—to utter Philip Langton's name except with abuses or reproach. What should she do? Hour after hour for those two weary days the poor girl's desolate passionate question went up to heaven.

And slowly and relentlessly, as those hours went on the hope that had been her torch so long paled and died out. She fought for two days, and then the battle ended. When the evening of the second day came she knew that she must give him up.

She must give him up—her love! her life! She was sitting when the struggle ended by her mother's side, who, worn out with forty-eight hours of fretting, was lying at last with closed eyes and lips. She had lain so for half an hour, her thin face shrunk, her pale cheeks hollowed with those two days' illness, and for half an hour Margaret had sat and watched her. Sat in the deep silence—the first moments of peace that had been given her—and watched her as she lay there, sickly and feeble and lonely, till a conviction rose within her heart that conquered her—a despairing

hopeless conviction—that she *dared* not leave her.

She sat when it had come, and rocked herself to and fro, crouching her head, putting out her hands and covering her face, moaning over and over again some low, unintelligible, broken-hearted words. She never changed sound or movement till Mrs. Morton's querulous voice broke on her misery. She only changed them then to raise her white face to her mother, and strive to utter words which at her first effort choked her and would not come.

And when at last, kneeling by the bedside, with her face pressed upon her outstretched hands, the poor girl uttered them, giving her broken-hearted promise that she would go, for her reward there came this answer:

"Could you not have said as much at the beginning," Mrs. Morton said, "without doing your best to kill me first? But you are still as you have been all your life—thinking of no creature in the world except yourself."

IV.

THE promise was given, and from that time onward she was altogether passive. The chief object of every one about her was to hurry her away before Philip Langton could hear that she was going. She knew this, but she never said a word. Living as they did they only needed a few days to make their preparations for departure.

She sat, on the last night, in her own room alone. Through all the week poor Langton's unanswered letter had lain upon her heart. To-night she wrote to him.

Like one whom sorrow had stunned into insensibility, she told him all that had been done; she told him of the promise she had given, almost without one demonstration of emotion. And only then, when all was said, suddenly at some stray thought—the chance recalling of a

few words uttered long before—all the great agony of her heart burst forth.

"Do you remember," she said, "that evening when we parted, how I told you that I felt as if I had hold of the last link of a chain?"

And then—

"What am I to do?" she broke out wildly. "Oh, my God! what am I to do? How am I to live all my life long alone? Oh, Philip, help me! Philip, have mercy on me! write me one word, or I shall die. Oh, if I could have seen you once more—only once more—only once more before I go! All day long—all night, as I lie awake, I think of it. Oh, Philip! write to me—write to me and forgive me, or my heart will break."

She had been in her new home for a month when the answer to that appeal was brought to her. A hard and cruel answer. This was what it said:

"I trusted all my happiness to you, and you have wrecked it. For this I give you *no* forgiveness. From your solemn promise to become my wife—from your solemn promise to wait for me till I should come and claim you—no power on earth had the right to set you free. You have broken those promises of your own weak choice and will. Had I been by your side you had not dared to do this wrong to me. If you had been faithful I would have loved you as never living man will love you now. I would have cherished you as never man will cherish you. You have chosen your own lot apart from me. And I——"

The letter broke off here. To this last blank desolate line there was added nothing but the passionate bitter cry—"Margaret! Margaret!"

V.

A PLEASANT room, with windows opening to a terrace, and beyond,

a garden sloping to the sea. A summer day in southern latitudes.

"And so, after all these years," cried a lady reclining on a cushioned sofa, "Henry Fitzgibbon has come back again!"

"Aye, he has come at last."

"I am so curious to see him. We must go early, Mr. Travers, and have a talk with him before the other people come. And with regard to the girls, Miss Morton"—Mrs. Travers raised herself a little, and turned her head—"as my sister likes you to be early, you had better join us about eight."

At the far end of the room Margaret Morton sits writing, with a cheek that nine years have paled, and a figure that their hand has made more slight. All the rounded comeliness of former days is gone; and yet that calm, refined, strong face is beautiful now with a beauty it never possessed of old. The dark eyes have a deep tender look in them, sometimes sad, oftener composed and cheerful; for she has wrought her way out of that great anguish of her youth, and it shades her years now only with a silent and subdued sadness, not any longer with passionate sorrow and revolt.

Yet the *love* that caused that bitter suffering has been the leading star—the refining element of her life. Its influence has led her in everything that she has done—in everything that she has struggled to become. She has been true to it in her whole heart and being, in spite of Philip's injustice, in spite of her own renunciation.

She has risen to the position of a governess in a merchant's family. Hither and thither her lot has led her, during these nine years, over that wide American continent: she is now in a pleasant southern town on the coast of Florida. She is all alone in the world. The kind uncle who brought her over is dead; the sickly mother dead, too, a year ago; her brother, the only one remain-

ing, is a fortune-seeker in California.

"You will be at my sister's at eight o'clock," Mrs. Travers said; and at eight o'clock Margaret and her two pupils sat in Mrs. Maurice's drawing-room.

She sat before a side table strewn with books, and whiled the time away in turning them over. There were a few small groups of ladies in the room, making a faint buzz of conversation, but it was not loud enough to interrupt her. For a long while she read undisturbed, until the feeble buzz at last leaped into quicker animation, for the drawing-room door was opened, and new voices sounded, new faces entered and filled the room.

A few feet from where she sat there stood a small empty sofa. Towards this there presently came two persons, and took possession of it—Mrs. Travers, and a gentleman whose face was strange to Margaret. As they sat down it was he who spoke first.

"Begin from your own marriage, and tell me everything," he said. "What has become of all my old friends? I can scarcely see or hear of one of them."

"I can give you a score of histories," she answered. "Who shall I begin with?" And they fell at once into an animated talk together.

It might have lasted perhaps for half an hour, when, after a momentary pause, Margaret heard these words:

"In the midst of all this," Mrs. Travers's companion said, "how in the world have you contrived to be so little changed? To look at you I can scarcely believe that I have ever been away; yet the whole morning I have been complaining to Langton that I cannot recognize a single face I see."

She looked up with an involuntary start, but it was only for a moment. She had heard strangers called by that name before. There

were more Langtons in the world than hers.

"By the way," Mrs. Travers said, "who is this Mr. Langton? Where did you pick him up?"

"Langton? Oh, he is a man with some name in political circles in England. He is just now secretary to Lord ——."

"He is not in the room at present, is he? I am so blind—but I don't see him."

"No; he and Travers got into a discussion together, and we left them to fight it out."

They turned the talk back to their own affairs. With a low sigh Margaret stooped her face again upon her book. "It is not Philip, it is not Philip," she whispered to herself. Bending her head she shaded her eyes, and for a minute closed their lids; and before her attitude was altered, before her eyes were reopened, there fell upon her ear the long-unheard voice.

"How beautiful your open sea here is," it said. "It brings to my mind the only place where I ever lived before by the open sea—a little village in the south of England."

She looked up and saw him. That vision that nine years had robbed her of; that lover to whose memory her life, with all its struggles, successes, endurances, had been an offering. There, before her, his foot within a pace of where she sat, his dark familiar face clear in her sight; familiar, and yet how strange, after this absence, this silence, this abnegation of nine years.

A hand was laid kindly on her arm, and on her ear came the tones of another voice—

"You feel this room very hot," it said, "do you not, Miss Morton? I am sure you are hot, you look so pale and tired. Come away with me, and let us take a little walk upon the terrace."

The outstretched hand drew her from her seat. Oh, this was cruel!

There leaped up to her lips one piteous cry—one helpless cry of passionate resistance; and then she rose and went. Away she went, from where her hungry eyes had rested; to the dimly-lighted terrace.

"Now take my arm; we will walk for a little here."

She answered, "Yes," but she could not do it. She tried, and walked a dozen steps; then suddenly stood still and cried—

"Let me sit down."

She leant against a pillar near her.

"Mrs. Carlton, let me sit down! Here, where it is not light; oh here, where it is not light!" she cried.

"My dear, there is no seat: stand still one moment."

Pausing to ask no questions, Mrs. Carlton hurried to the house. She was absent for a few seconds; then she returned, and not alone. Another arm was laden with the chair that she had gone to find, and another hand set it by Margaret's side.

"Thank you, Mr. Langton. Now, my dear, sit down. You will be better soon in this fresh air."

She sat down as she was bidden; helplessly, without a word. She gave no thanks.

Having come, he stayed. Deliberately and at once he took the place where she had stood, and leant where she had leant against the pillar. He stood with his face partly towards her, with the light upon it.

"We shall never teach this northern snowdrop to bear our southern warmth," Mrs. Carlton said. "Mr. Langton, are all your countrywomen so hard to accustom to new climates? Are they all such fragile creatures as this one?"

He turned his head where Margaret sat, and looked at her. Following that look there came no change upon his face, no token in him of recognition, nothing but this quiet answer—

"You are used to a warmer coloring here. Our northern snows rob Englishwomen of that."

"And yet England is a good way from the pole. And *you* are not like a snowdrop, Mr. Langton, at all."

"I am scarcely English; my mother was an Italian."

"Was she? I did not know. And have you lived in Italy? Ah, Mr. Langton!" she cried suddenly, in a quick outburst of her southern enthusiasm, "tell me about Italy. What parts of it do you know? Do you know Rome and Venice? Ah, tell me about them."

Her request was eager, but he was very slow to do her bidding. Possibly his thoughts were occupied to-night with other things than Italy's falling palaces and walls; yet presently her quick questionings roused him: he warmed and spoke. There, where the light fell on his face, illumining each kindling lineament, he stood and talked to her of the mighty cities of the south.

It was a thing that might have been a dream, so strange, unreal; the southern summer night and the softened lights; the scene so unlike all scenes of home, and yet in the midst of it, so calmly, quietly mingling with it, that one home figure, the centre star of Margaret's life. But even he so changed. All calmed, softened, refined; the old dark face, dark and irregular still, but in its whole expression grown so full of harmony and strength; its restive pride composed, its aggressive temper all subdued.

She listened to him as he talked, listened at first with a strange thrilling wonder of delight, then presently with a nameless sickening pain. Oh! she had striven all these years to reach up to his height, and he had left her in the race, as if she had not run.

"And now, after all your European wanderings," Mrs. Carlton said, "you have at last come here."

He answered, "Yes."

"Are you going farther south?"

"No; I shall retrace my steps now."

"But not at once, I hope?"

"I may leave to-morrow. If not to-morrow, still as soon as possible."

Sitting in the shadow, Margaret heard, and lifted up her head, swiftly, suddenly, driven by the startling cry of her sharp misery. She lifted up her head, and her raised eyes saw—

Oh! this was no stranger's look upon her—this was no stranger's gaze, sending its keen light through her!

"So soon as to-morrow? Why, Mr. Langton, you will have seen nothing."

"I shall have seen what I came to see," he answered.

"Ah well! About that I cannot speak," she said laughing; and there was a few moments' pause, which was broken presently by a sound of music coming through the opened door.

"That is Mrs. Travers's voice," Mrs. Carlton said. "Mr. Langton, you must come and hear her, she has the finest voice I know. Miss Morton will you remain here, or come with us? You had better both come."

She went forward towards the door, and Mr. Langton followed her. One moment Margaret saw the two figures stand upon the threshold; then one went forward and the other retraced his steps.

He came back in silence, calmly and quietly, to the place that he had left, into Margaret's full sight—there where she sat motionless, her clasped hands as he neared her only closing their fingers tighter.

He stood before her in silence for several moments; then, through the distant music, she heard his voice.

"She said I should see nothing," he said abruptly. "She was wrong. Shall I tell you what I have seen?"

His eyes were directed towards her, but he did not wait for her to speak. Before she could reply he spoke again.

"She told me to tell her about ruined cities. There are other ruins besides fallen stones. One such," and his voice sank into infinite tenderness, "I have seen to-night,—a temple that I left entire—fresh from God's hand."

She rose up suddenly from her seat and stood before him with her slight figure erect, and with all that she had in her of gentle pride gathered upon her face.

"My white face does me wrong to-night," she said. "I am no ruin. I have known sorrow, as others have; but no sorrow I have felt has crushed me. I have grown to look old, perhaps; but I am not young now, even in years."

His dark face had for a moment thrown off its mask, but all tenderness that in word or look had begun to appear in him shrank back before her words. The pause that came when she ceased to speak was broken by this cold reply:

"If there has been no suffering then my petition may be granted the more easily. I have come a long way," he said slowly, "to ask your forgiveness for a wrong done to you long ago." He paused for a moment, and then his voice grew bitter as he ended. "It will cost you little to grant it. When the pain of a wrong has ceased, we can forgive the wronger easily."

She had been very calm outwardly when she had spoken, but now her hands were crushed to-

gether, and her eyes, fixed on his face, were troubled and dark. She stood one moment shivering; then all her love rose in a wild defence, and out of that nine years' silence leaped this cry—

"It has not ceased! oh, the pain has not ceased!"

Her head fell down upon her parted hands, she hid her face upon them, and broke with passionate helplessness into a low piteous sob.

And then as she stood there desolate, once more, in its deep loving tenderness, she heard his voice—

"Margaret, I have been faithful," he cried. "In spite of that harsh wrong I have lived for you. I have worked for you. I came to pray for more than forgiveness. I came to pray for my reward."

It was far away that English village by the old familiar sea, yet, before his tones had died away, how there flashed back on her a picture of it, clearer than the sight of tropic land. She lifted up her eyes—the loving gaze of old was on her face; she raised her arms—they fell to their old place upon his neck; she spoke to him.

Long years ago he had told her to wait for him till he came back. Like a child delivering up its trust, she whispered—

"I have waited!"

That was all. From him there only came one passionate low utterance of her name. Then between them there was perfect silence, and they stood beneath the tropic trees as they had stood nine years before under the sea-cliff at Brent.

THE CATHOLICS AND THE CENTENNIAL.

THE golden maxim, "Man, know thyself," applies not only to the study of ourselves as the noblest of God's creation, but likewise to our relations with those various forms of government in which our conduct as men and citizens may render us suited or unsuited to the part we are called to play in society.

As men we must study our relations to our fellow-man, how we may best fulfil our obligations to the government that we rejoice in calling our own, not because we established it, but because we are called through our personal responsibilities and obligations, as far as in us lies, to defend and perpetuate it.

Simply as citizens this obligation is binding; as Christians another link is placed to this chain of duty, while as Catholics, members of a church always on the side of the weak, we are doubly bound to study our position in a government which professes equal respect for the poor as for the rich, and while submitting to all laws made for the amelioration of the condition of both, repel, with the energy of conscious duty, anything that might tend to circumvent or destroy the glorious privileges secured by our venerable predecessors of 1776.

No portion of American history has greater charms for the Catholic student than the relations of the deeds of our fathers, and this probably induced our professors, than whom none are more faithful citizens, and the proprietors of the CATHOLIC RECORD, than whom none do more to elevate the intellectual condition of our people,—this, permit us to say, has probably suggested to them the propriety of giving the students of La Salle College, for the subject of their prize essay in the graduating class,

the very charming and almost inexhaustible theme upon which we have the pleasure of speaking to you this evening.

The troublesome period of the Revolution, with all its clamor and tumult, with all the evils of existing distresses, and all the dread influence of threatening power, affords a grand source for the commencement of the history of a people.

It is difficult to give this subject the appearance of originality, for within the last few years it has formed the theme of many pens. This need not deter us from entering into a discussion of the question, for truth like beauty is ever new, and, however ancient, can never grow old.

Nearly a century ago the nation was writhing under the yoke and insults of regal tyranny, and a foreign power was exhausting its resources and dwarfing its growth. The few undaunted heroes, who looked around with the agonized aspect which none but suffering patriots can assume, beheld nothing but weaponless men and defenceless families. This was the time that "tried men's souls," and cooled the courage of the bravest. Mighty minds and brave hearts trembled at the disparity of the belligerents, but, with the courage and fortitude of heroes, men gathered to defend their country and their honor; they gathered from the houses of the wealthy and from the hovels of the poor; from the lofty mountains and the wild prairies; the farmer abandoned his plough and the hunter his sport, and with brave resolves and daring deeds they entered upon the trials and afflictions that have followed their lonely marches and watched their weary vigils; that have cast a shade of sadness over their mem-

ory, but have crowned it with the diadem of martyrdom.

It was at this time that the Catholics of America first arose in their strength, and bequeathed to their descendants a record worthy of their veneration and an example meriting their imitation.

Indeed, what can be more worthy of our veneration than the memory of those men whose courage was derived from Him who came to give not peace but the sword! What more worthy of our imitation than the example of our forefathers, who proved themselves while undisturbed, simple as doves, but who, when brought to cope with the intellectual intrigues of a nation mad with success, proved themselves gifted in the highest degree with the wisdom of the serpent.

It would not become us, as an American, to say who were the first to rush foremost in the van, but as a Catholic we look with pride and pleasure to the glorious account of the heroes in that immortal struggle who professed the Catholic faith.

We look on this history with pride; for not a line of that glorious record, not a name on the roll of honor, not even one among the Catholic heroes of that day quailed in a moment of emergency, or was dazzled by the lustre of gold.

With pride do we look back to the history of '76, for while we were struggling for the liberties which we now possess, dropping all metaphor, Catholics took the "lion's part."

In every degree and rank we find them models of courage and patience. There were Catholics among the officers who anxiously planned the battles, and Catholics among the soldiers who bravely fought them.

The noble Catholic names that have been inscribed on the pages of our history have ever been objects of reverence and love. La

Fayette, Kosciusko, Pulaski, and the two Carrolls are names that shall never fade from the hearts of Americans until the country they sought to save shall have vanished in oblivion. It is to such men as those that Catholics point when suspicion or slander is created concerning Catholic loyalty, and the doubt passes away as the mist from the sun. These are the bright stars of history that sparkle through long ages, guiding us on in the just fulfilment of our duties, and cheering us in our sorrows and trials by their example.

Let us not imagine, however, that individuals alone among Catholics so cheerfully assisted a struggling people.

Catholic governments watched the struggling people with interest and concern, and sooner than behold their cause perish beneath the power of a tyrant, they forsook the appearance of indifferent neutrals, and with joyful hearts stretched forth their mighty arm in the cause of suffering humanity.

Catholic Poland sent her generals and Catholic France her armies to fight our battles, and Catholic Ireland sent her hopes and her prayers for the encouragement of a downtrodden sister. They infused a new vigor and a new life into the journeys of the weary veterans, and elicited vigorous hopes from the heart of every American—hopes which were destined never again to waver or to perish.

So it has been from the foundation of the Catholic Church. Catholic nations have ever supported the cause of the suffering and oppressed; through all the ages that mark her career and augment the grandeur of her glories she has ever been the enemy of tyranny in every form, and the protector of the persecuted in every clime.

And now the long years that have watched the growth of that country, a country which has been sanc-

tified by the blood and hallowed by the graves of patriots, have circled into a century.

It is, you will admit, a difficult task to compress within the limits of an essay or an oration, the virtues and the achievements of even one of those heroes whose names are not dimmed, and the fires of whose genius still burn brightly after the revolutions of almost a hundred years.

What then must be the difficulty experienced when we are requested to speak of the Centennial, in which we are called upon to celebrate the hundredth birthday of that charter of our liberties for the consummation of which our forefathers fought and died. What a great obligation rests upon the Catholics of America in regard to this grand celebration! What a splendid opportunity for displaying the uses in which they have employed that precious gem of liberty so dearly purchased!

How their labor and their industry shall stand forth as monuments to faithful and grateful descendants. The grand temples which they have erected to the honor and glory of God shall tell plainer than words that they have not been idle in the great cause of religion, to secure the liberty of which they consented to leave fatherland, in whose councils they could have no share, and to take their abode in a country into whose open arms they threw, not only their accumulated sorrows of the past, but also their magnificent aspirations for the future. In return for this welcome, the rich products of the soil and the precious metals of the earth shall now exhibit their energy and labor.

It is frequently asserted that these people lack the spirit of enterprise so necessary in a country like ours, but their perseverance is felt and their worth acknowledged in every branch of industry; they are found

in every station, whether in the highest profession or the lowest labor; whether in plodding through the complicated mazes of difficult sciences, or in the deepest mines drawing the ores from their gloomy depths. Who is there so selfish that shall deny their importance, or so bigoted as to deny their proficiency?

It is true that many of those who have come from the old country have not brought with them their share of the gold which we adore, but they brought better, bright minds, willing hearts, and strong arms, and in every art and science the Catholics shall take their places, if not first, at least among the foremost. And a noble array shall they present—one that shall render honor to the country they have supported and the Church they have espoused.

Not alone in the material prosperity of our country have Catholics procured more than their share of success. Through the teachings of the Church whose dictates they revere, they have aided and are still powerfully aiding, her moral growth. Through the stern voice which denounces secret societyism as the great enemy of republican forms of government, she prevents her sons from becoming secret plotters against a country to whom they have pledged public faith.

On the other hand, she furnishes a substitute for these objectionable societies, and thousands of her sons and daughters avail themselves of the invitation to join them.

Hence all will admit that there is yet a grander memorial to the labor and assiduity of the Catholics of this country. It is not the mere spasmodic effort of sensationalists that shall eventually die away as some assert, but it is the mighty uprising of the Catholics of this country in a noble cause. Founded in the heart of every lover of virtue and morality,

encouraged by the approval of the reverend clergy, sustained by the unanimity of feeling that exists between its members, the temperance societies shall be pointed at as the grand result of Catholicity in this country. Not alone shall they be noticed in our Centennial as the generous donors of a beautiful offering, but as the promoters of all that conduces to the formation of model and virtuous citizens.

Their course has been propitious, not only in consequence of the enthusiasm and devotion of their members, but in the encouragement and support of the Church, which has been manifested on all occasions.

Therefore, while all the magnificent products of manual labor are being expatiated upon in terms of wonder and applause, let not the spiritual labor of the Church, whose only reward is in the faithful adherence of her children to her divine teachings, be passed by unnoticed. For although the results are indeed great that have been accomplished by the industry and energy of the American Republic, in this first century of its existence, yet the Church has effected even greater advancement in the cause of religion. Her conquests have not been limited either by state interference or sectarian bigotry. She has had the broad scope of a free country for the field of her labors, and as the Church is free, she has all the protection she desires in the freedom of the State.

She complains, and justly, of that infidel principle which requires her sons to contribute towards a system of education, which was originally concocted, and is now continued, through the influence of secret societies, for the purpose of destroying the faith in children, and that at our own expense; but she grants America the intelligence to which it makes so loud a claim, and logically concludes that if this

claim be a just one, it will manifest itself ere long by a just decision of the public school question.

Sects, however remote from each other, unite in their antagonism towards the Church, because they well know that her existence is lasting, while theirs depends solely on the support of something material. Therefore, it is that *God* is so earnestly desired in the Constitution. But *God* and his law are in the heart and the desires of every Christian, and while the nation celebrates the first centennial of its existence, the religious freedom of that nation affords the greatest opportunity for the congratulation of every Catholic.

To those Catholics who have sought here the freedom that was denied them in their native land, the Centennial of our independence shall indeed find a joyous welcome in their exiled hearts. Although it shall recall the sorrowful recollections of boyhood days, when they rambled among the shaded woods and over the green fields, the only species of *God's* creatures that were deprived of peace and freedom.

Here those wanderers have found a refuge and a shelter; here, while enjoying both civil and religious liberty, they may well picture the homes of their fatherland, where their forefathers, if not they themselves, have suffered from oppression's cruel lash. And while they yet cling to the country for which they have suffered, they cannot refrain from loving the one which they have adopted.

Those emigrants who have sought an asylum here are for the most part Catholics. The majority of the thousands of Germans who crowd to our shores, seek the free practice of the Catholic religion in a strange nation with a strange language. Devoid of all the benefits of fortune, but with native resolution and manliness, the Irish seek here freedom of religion.

And who shall dare to question

their importance? The whole country speaks it, and the loud crash of our western forests re-echo it in their fall, as in their stead beauteous cities arise.

The Centennial shall exhibit more definitely than has heretofore been acknowledged, the magnitude of the benefits that have accrued through the instrumentality of those emigrants. And while other nations shall not repress their admiration for those Catholics who have sought freedom, their perseverance and energy while here shall have a tendency to palliate the nation towards those who are not yet disenthralled from a tyrannical government. This shall be one of the numerous benefits resulting from the connection of the Catholics with the Centennial.

Moreover Catholics shall behold the great power which they possess as a body; they shall more thoroughly understand the effects which their labors have accomplished; the Centennial shall draw them together, uniting them in the bonds of brotherhood, and shall make them feel that they are framing the groundwork of the destiny which awaits our great Republic.

But who can anticipate the results? Who can measure the extent of the benefits? Future ages shall attest them.

It has been whispered that the Centennial will be a failure, and there are some who are so wavering as to give credence to such a rumor.

When a great people have undertaken a great project, and are determined to attain its accomplishment, success must as surely follow their efforts as the day must follow the night.

Even should failure with its blighting influence meet the Centennial celebration, it will not be any fault of Catholicity, nor shall our native State be counted among the criminally negligent. Were failure possible, it would arise from

the fact, that so many of our people are ignorant of the benefits which they now enjoy, and which were so largely earned for them by the Catholics of '76. A portion of the blame must also rest on the heads of those Washington sages who, not content with the disgrace attached to the snail-like pace of the Washington monument, would likewise prevent a proper celebration of that first Centennial of the country saved by Washington, aided by his *Catholic* soldiers.

But however great the success, let the Catholics not be unmindful of their part in the grand scene. Let each gladly perform his share of the labor, and each shall receive his ample recompense in the applause of nations. And while the busy tumult of succeeding years shall be winding away in their ceaseless course, and while the projectors of this grand undertaking, and the men who have labored for its success, shall have passed away from the scene of their triumph, future generations shall honor and revere their memory. For its effects shall be lasting, and the Catholics of America shall be enabled, through its agency, to leave a spotless record of their labors in the field of industry to an admiring posterity. While it shall tell how faithfully they upheld the honor of the nation, it shall show at the same time how nobly they advanced the interests of the Church.

And when the wild forests of our Far West shall have been cleared away, and civilization shall have reared its polished homes beside every brook and streamlet; when the waters that rush along shall turn the miller's wheel, and every prairie shall yield its abundant crop to the toiling farmer, then shall every Catholic, as he enjoys the benefits that have accrued from the labors of our first century, honor the name and bless the memory of the Catholics and the Centennial.

LETTERS TO A PROTESTANT FRIEND,

GIVING A BRIEF HISTORY OF PROTESTANTISM AND OF CHURCH-OF-ENGLANDISM IN THE WORDS OF PROTESTANTS.

FIRST LETTER.

DEAR SIR: You are convinced that Jesus Christ established the Church, which he also designated the "Kingdom of God on earth," and consequently that it is characterized by unity, sanctity, catholicity, and apostolicity. It is obvious that the institution named by non-Catholics, the Roman Catholic Church, is the only one claiming, possessing, and realizing this divine origin and constitution. This fact should terminate your inquiries in a fulfilment of the duty of "hearing the Church," and thus escape being classed with "heathens and publicans." But, alas! you are still swayed by the delusive theories that project ecclesiastical phantoms, and mendaciously assume the titles of the ONE CHURCH of Christ. In these latter days, especially, the hordes of Protestantism, from Lutheranism to Mormonism, interlard their ecclesiastical jargon with the terms, "Church," "Catholic," "Evangelical," "Apostolic," in pretending to be something else than of the earth earthy.

Now, dear sir, I have already given to you from Sacred Scripture alone the testimonies that show what the Church is; I will lay before you the testimonies which show undeniably what Protestantism is, and particularly the Elizabethan denomination (falsely called Episcopalian), about which you are most interested. Protestants only shall state the case, and they will now inform you truthfully and impartially about Protestantism and the so-called Reformation.

LONDON ENCYCLOPÆDIA.—"The

Emperor Charles V called a Diet at Spire, in 1529, to request aid from the German princes against the Turks, and to devise the most effectual means for allaying the religious disputes which then raged, in consequence of Luther's opposition to the established religion. The Emperor being at Barcelona, at the meeting of this Diet his brother Ferdinand, Archduke of Austria, was appointed to preside. In this Diet it was decreed by Ferdinand and other princes that, in countries which had embraced the new religion, it should be lawful to continue in it till the meeting of a council; but that no Roman Catholic should be allowed to turn Lutheran, and that the Reformers should deliver nothing in their sermons contrary to the received doctrines of the Church. This decree was considered as iniquitous and intolerable by the elector of Saxony and the landgrave of Hesse and other members of the Diet. . . . Against this decree six Lutheran princes, with the deputies of thirteen imperial towns, formally and solemnly protested, and declared that they appealed to a general council; hence the name of *Protestants*, which, from this period, has been given to the followers of Luther. Nor is it confined to them; for it soon after included the Calvinists, and has now for a long time been applied indiscriminately to all the sects and denominations, in whatever country they may be found, which have separated from the Church of Rome." (L. Encyclopædia, Art. Prot.)

As the Protestants originated at

the "Reformation," it will be proper to give an account of this period of ecclesiastical history.

HUME.—"Martin Luther, an Austin friar, professor in the University of Wittemberg, resenting the affront put on his order (the office of proclaiming indulgences was taken from the Augustinians and given to the Dominicans), began to preach against abuses in the sale of indulgences, and being naturally of a fiery temper, and provoked by opposition, he proceeded even to decry indulgences themselves, and was thence carried by the heat of dispute to question the authority of the Pope, from which his adversaries derived their chief arguments against him. Still as he enlarged his readings, in order to support these tenets, he discovered some new (pretended) abuse or error in the Church of Rome, and finding his opinions greedily hearkened to, he promulgated them by writing, discourse, sermon, conference, and daily increased the number of his disciples. All Saxony, all Germany, all Europe, were in a very little time filled with the voice of this daring innovator; and men began to call in question the most ancient and most received opinions. The Elector of Saxony, favorable to Luther's doctrine, protected him from the violence of the papal jurisdiction; the Republic of Zurich even reformed their Church according to the new model; many sovereigns of the empire, and the Imperial Diet itself, showed a favorable disposition towards it; and Luther, a man naturally inflexible, vehement, opinionative, was become incapable, either from promises of advancement, or terrors of punishment, to relinquish a sect of which he was himself the founder, and which brought him a glory of dictating the religious faith and principles of multitudes." (His. of England, vol. ix.)

MOSHEIM.—"Luther and his fol-

lowers, though they had rejected the doctrine of the Church with respect to transubstantiation, were nevertheless of opinion, that the partakers of the Lord's Supper received, along with the bread and wine, the real body and blood of Christ. . . . Carlostadt, who was Luther's colleague, understood the matter quite otherwise. . . . On the other hand, Luther maintained his doctrine, in relation to this point, with the utmost obstinacy; hence arose in the year 1524 a tedious and vehement controversy, which, notwithstanding the zealous endeavors that were used to reconcile the contending parties, terminated at length in a fatal division between those who had embarked together in the cause of religion and liberty." (His. Eccles., Cent. xvi.)

LONDON ENCYCLOPÆDIA.—"Protestants, therefore, have been far from unanimous in all points of doctrine, worship, church government, or discipline; on the contrary, while they agree only in receiving the Scriptures as the supreme rule of their faith and practice, and in rejecting the distinguishing doctrines of the (Catholic) Church of Rome, in many other respects they still differ not more widely from that Church than they do from one another." (Art. Protestant.)

MOSHEIM.—"It cannot be denied but that many of the seditious practices that arose in Germany like a whirlwind, in 1525, had perversely misunderstood the doctrine of Luther concerning Christian liberty." . . . "The great and leading principle of the Lutheran Church is, that the Holy Scriptures are the only source from whence we are to draw our religious sentiments, whether they relate to faith or practice; and that these inspired writings are, in all matters that are essential to salvation, so plain and easy to be understood, that their signification may be learned, with-

out the aid of an expositor, by every person of common sense who has a competent knowledge of the language they are composed. Hence (a strange sort of proof of the truth of the above principle) the form of public worship, and the rites and ceremonies that were proper to be admitted as a part of it, gave rise to disputes in several places during the infancy of the Lutheran Church." (Hist., Cent. xvi.)

PSEUDO-BISHOP BURNET.—"The Lutheran divines entered into great disputes how far they might comply (with the Interim proposed by the Emperor for the sake of peace, and which was a book containing the principal doctrines to be held till the meeting of a council). Melancthon thought the ceremonies of 'popery' might be used, since they were, of their own nature, indifferent. Others, as Amstorijs, Illyricus, with the greatest part of the Lutherans, thought the receiving of the ceremonies would make way for all the errors of 'popery;' and though they were of their own nature indifferent, yet they ceased to be so when they were enjoined as things necessary." (Hist. Reformation, vol. ii.)

MOSHEIM.—"The spirit of zeal that animated the Lutheran divines was, generally speaking, very far from being tempered by a spirit of charity. . . . Luther himself appears at the head of this sanguine tribe, whom he surpassed in invective and abuse, treating his adversaries with the most brutal asperity, and sparing neither rank nor condition, however elevated or respectable they might be." (Hist., Cent. xvi.)

D'ISRAELI.—"It was very fortunate that the violence of Luther was softened in a considerable degree by the meek Melancthon, who often poured honey on the sting inflicted by the angry wasp. . . . It will not be denied that Erasmus was a friend to the freedom of the

press; yet he was so shocked at the licentiousness of Luther's pen, that there was a time when he considered it as necessary to restrain its liberty."

MOSHEIM.—"Melancthon was absolutely incapable of employing the force of threatenings, or the restraints of fear, to suppress the efforts of religious faction, to keep within due bounds the irregularity of novelty and change, and to secure obedience. It is also to be regretted, that Melancthon's sentiments on some points of no inconsiderable moment, were entirely different from those of Luther." (Hist. E., Cent. xvi.)

BOSWELL.—"So mild was Melancthon, that when his aged mother consulted with anxiety in the perplexing disputes of the times, he advised her to keep to the old religion." (Life of Johnson.)

Let us inquire what were the principal differences amongst the so-called Reformers of Germany.

MOSHEIM.—"Melancthon discovered no reluctance to submit to the dominion of the Roman Pontiff. . . . He regarded as indifferent the doctrine of justification by faith alone, the necessity of good works, the number of sacraments, the jurisdiction claimed by the Pope and bishops, extreme unction, &c. Luther and his strict followers maintained the contrary." (Hist.)

DR. MACLAINE.—"It is certain that Luther carried the doctrine of justification by faith to such an excessive length, as seemed to derogate not only from the necessity of good works, but even from their obligation and importance. He would not allow them to be considered either as the conditions or the means of salvation, nor even as a preparation for receiving it. I affirm that faith and good works are fundamental points of the Christian religion." (Notes on M.)

CHILLINGWORTH.—"But that I know Martin Luther was a bold

spirited man, I should wonder how he durst so confidently adventure upon it. In his book entitled 'Captivitatib Babylonice,' he hath these words: 'Behold how rich is the Christian man, who, even though he willed it, cannot lose his salvation by any amount of sin, unless he is unwilling to believe.'" (Serm.v, par.63.)

MOSHEIM.—"The Lutheran doctors declared, that a considerable part of the controversy turned upon the fundamental principles of all religion and virtue. . . . The few heads of difference between the two communions (Lutheran and Calvinistic), have furnished an inexhaustible fund of controversy to the contending parties, . . . have been the scene of contention, and extended to almost all the important truths of religion." "Amsdorf was so far transported and infatuated by his excessive zeal for the doctrine of Luther, as to maintain that good works were an impediment to salvation." (Hist., Cent. xv.)

BURNET.—"There was a sort of people, of whom all good men, in that age, made great complaints. Some were called Gospellers, or readers of the Gospel, who were a scandal to the doctrine they professed. . . . The doctrine of predestination having been generally taught by the 'Reformers,' many began to make strange inferences from it, reckoning, that since everything was decreed, and the decrees of God could not be frustrated, therefore, men were to leave themselves to be carried by these decrees. This drew some into great impiety of life, and others into desperation." (Hist. of Reformation.)

What means were taken to allay these disputes?

ROSCOE.—"The Lutheran writers have, indeed, considered the union of spiritual and temporal authority in the Pope as an unequivocal sign of antichrist; yet it may be observed, that even after the Reformation, the necessity of

a supreme head in matters of religion was soon acknowledged; and as this was too important a trust to be confided to a separate authority, it has in most Protestant countries been united to the temporal power." (Life of Leo X.)

DR. MACLAINE.—"The form of concord composed by the Protestants of Torgau, and reviewed at Berg, consists of two parts. In the first is contained a system of doctrine drawn up according to the fancy of the six doctors there mentioned. In the second is exhibited one of the strongest instances of that persecuting and tyrannical spirit, which Protestants complained of in the Church of Rome, even a formal condemnation of all those who differed from these six doctors, particularly in their strange opinions concerning the majesty and omnipresence of Christ's body, and the real manducation of his flesh and blood in the Eucharist. This condemnation branded with the denomination of heretics, and excluded from the communion of the Church, all Christians of all nations who refused to subscribe to these doctrines." (Notes on Mosheim.)

BRANDT.—"Two of the divines (of the Synod of Dort), elated with victory, insulted a poor fellow who was a remonstrant, and said, 'What are you thinking of, with that grave and woful face?' 'I was thinking, gentlemen,' said he, 'of a controverted question,—who was the author of sin? Adam shifted it off from himself, and laid it on his wife, she laid it on the serpent, who was then young and bashful, had not a word to say for himself; but afterwards growing older and more audacious, he went to the Synod of Dort, and there had the assurance to charge it upon God.'" (Dissert. on Reformation.)

Amidst these conflicting opinions, and these bitter contentions, were the people, we may now ask, improved in their morals?

MOSHEIM.—“No, nor will it appear surprising, when this is duly considered (the discontinuance of excommunication), that the manners of the Lutherans are so remarkably depraved, and that in a Church which is deprived almost of all authority and discipline, multitudes affront the public by their audacious irregularities, and transgress with a frontless impudence, through the prospect of impunity.” (Hist., Cent. xvii.)

LUTHER.—“The world grows worse and becomes more wicked every day. Men are now more given to revenge, more avaricious, more devoid of mercy, less modest and more incorrigible; in fine more wicked than in the Papacy.” (In Postila, sup. 1, Dom. Adv.)

MELANCTHON.—“All the waters of the Elbe would not give me sufficient tears to bewail the miseries of the Reformation. The people will never submit to the yoke, which the love of liberty had made them throw off. Our partisans fight not for the gospel but ascendancy. Ecclesiastical discipline no longer exists. Doubts are entertained on the most important subjects; the evil is incurable.” (Lib. ii, Ep. 202.)

What, we may now inquire, was the character of Luther and Calvin, the great leaders of the so-called Reformation?

DR. WATKINS.—“Martin Luther was born November 10th, 1483, at Isleben, in Lower Saxony. He embraced the monastic life in the Order of St. Augustine, and in 1507 was ordained priest. In 1517 he published his ‘Thesis’ in which he denied the validity of Papal indulgences. In 1524, Luther married Catherine de Bore, who had been a nun (and who, like himself, had made a solemn vow to God, in the presence of witnesses, to lead a single life”). (Biog. Dict.)

D’ISRAELI.—“We cannot be certain, that Catherine was not more concerned in the great revo-

lution, than appears in the voluminous lives of the great reformer.” (Curiosities of Literat., vol. ii, p. 155.)

HALLAM.—“In the history of the Reformation, Luther is incomparably the greatest name. . . . It is admitted on all sides, that he wrote his own language with force and purity; but from the Latin works of Luther, few readers, I believe, will rise without disappointment. Their intemperance, their coarseness, their inelegance, their scurrility, their wild paradoxes, that menace the foundation of religious morality, are not compensated, so far at least, as my slight acquaintance with them extends, by strength and acuteness, and still less by an impressive eloquence. Some of his treatises—and we may instance his reply to Henry VIII, or the ‘book against the falsely-named order of bishops,’—can be described as little else than bellowing in bad Latin. . . . An unbounded dogmatism, resting on the infallibility, practically speaking, of his own judgment, pervades his writings; no indulgence is shown, no praise is allowed to the hesitating; whatever stands in the way of his decisions, the fathers of the Church, the schoolmen and philosophers, the canons and councils, are swept away in a current of impetuous declamation; and as everything contained in Scripture, according to Luther, is easy to be understood in his sense, every deviation from his doctrine incurs the anathema of perdition. Jerome, he says, far from being rightly canonized, must, but for some special grace, have been damned for his interpretation of St. Paul’s Epistle to the Romans. That the Zwinglians, as well as the whole Church of Rome, and the Anabaptists, were shut out by their tenets from salvation, is more than insinuated in numerous passages of Luther’s writings. Yet he had passed himself through several

changes of opinion. In 1518, he rejected auricular confession; in 1520, it was both useful and necessary; not long afterwards, it was again laid aside. I have found it impossible to reconcile or to understand his tenets concerning faith and good works; and can only perceive, that if there be any reservation in favor of the latter,—not merely sophistical, of which I am hardly convinced,—it consists in distinctions too subtle for the people to apprehend. . . . The total absence of self-restraint, with the intoxicating effects of presumptiveness, is sufficient to account for aberrations which men of regular minds construe into actual madness. . . . Whether Luther were perfectly in earnest, as to his personal interviews with the devil, may be doubtful; one of them he seems to represent as internal." (Introduct. to the Lit. of Europe, p. 510.)

DR. WATKINS.—"Calvin was born in Noyon, in Picardy, in 1509. He was educated at Paris with a view to the Church, but afterwards to the law. In 1537 Calvin called upon the people of Geneva to swear to a confession of faith, in which they made a renunciation of popery—a strange measure, which it is impossible to justify upon any principle of religion or policy. In 1541 he was recalled from Strasburg, and the first measure he set about was to settle the Presbyterian form of church government. The rigor of the system which he established was compared by many to the tyranny of the Inquisition, and the conduct of Calvin, in causing Servetus to be burnt as a heretic, did not tend to lessen the parallel." (Biog. Dict.)

MOSHEIM.—"The adversaries of Calvin felt, by a disagreeable experience, the warmth and violence of his haughty temper, and that impatience of contradiction which arose from an overjealous concern for his honor, or rather for

his unrivalled supremacy." (Cent. xvi.)

D'ISRAELI.—"Calvin was less tolerable than Luther. His adversaries are no other than knaves, heretics, drunkards, and assassins. Yet, after having given vent to his virulent humor, he frequently boasts of his mildness. Beza, the disciple of Calvin, imitates the luxuriant abuse of his master." (Curiosities of Literature.)

LORD HERBERT.—"The credit that Luther had gotten amongst those Germans, who were either weary of their obedience to the stricter parts of ecclesiastical government, or desirous to reform the errors and abuses of it, had prevailed far. Yet, as others examined which way he took to make his reformation, so they thought religion not yet so exactly formed but that it might be cast in a better mould. Therefore, not only Zwinglius, at Zurich, began a reformation somewhat varying from that of Luther; but one Muncer, in the confines of Zuringia, having invented a doctrine opposite enough to the Church of Rome, yet differing from the other reformers in many things, published it with much applause of the inferior sort. For, as he feigned he had power from God to depose princes and to substitute others; and that again he taught all goods should be common, and divers other articles tending to popularity; he was followed by huge multitudes. To temper yet this licentious doctrine he preached austerity of life, counselling men to prayers, fastings, and all other devotions which might argue, his intention was not so much to invade other men's possessions as to establish a moderate equality. Thus did he season falsehood with truths, and ill with good, while the vulgar sort, who could not distinguish betwixt them, admired and followed all. To remedy these so dangerous assemblies and opinions,

the chief neighboring princes raised some forces, and prevailed so far that at last they dissipated and killed their whole army. Neither was it difficult; they, for their best defence, singing only a psalm, while Muncer fled away. Yet being pursued and taken, together with his companion Phifer, they shortly after lost their heads. His sect yet took not its end so, as being renewed again in part, not many years after, by John, of Leyden, and Knipperdoling, who, to his other impieties, added this, that in a throng of people, being borne

upon men's shoulders, he would breathe on them, and bid them receive the Holy Ghost." (*Life of Henry VIII*, p. 155.)

From these testimonies and facts we can conclude that the Protestant so-called Reformation is an innovation procreated by human folly and depravity, completely divergent from the Church instituted by the divine Redeemer, directly opposed to every principle of Christianity, and utterly abhorring unity, sanctity, catholicity, and apostolicity. My next letter will convey further information.

MARRYING AN HEIRESS.

II.

"TRIFLES MAKE THE SUM OF HUMAN LIFE."

THE sad, pensive look left Adèle's face. Gradually the color of health returned to her cheeks, and she grew less slender. The tranquil, uneventful routine of life at the château rested her, and she bloomed and brightened in the pure country air. How kind—how good God was to her! she often thought. He had made her guardian angel lead her to this haven of peace after a night of storm—a brief but terrible night.

The old-fashioned garden was the prettiest spot within the limits of the de Francheville grounds. In the latter part of May and earlier part of June, it was a perfect wilderness of roses, roses of all shades, from the creamiest white to the deepest yellow, from the palest pink to the redness of blood. Besides roses, there were beds of those gorgeous tulips and carnations, in which our ancestors delighted, and which remind one of the flaunting

dames of Versailles in the time of Louis Quatorze.

At that pleasant time when afternoon and evening meet, this quaint garden, with its trees and boxwood clipped into strange shapes, was Adèle's favorite resort. With a cherished volume of poems—usually Longfellow or Miss Proctor—she would walk up and down the broad path until the trim yew peacocks and green pyramids appeared through the darkness like sentinel spectres.

Gaston suddenly grew very fond of this garden. His coign of vantage was an arbor at the end of the broad walk. This arbor was entirely covered with ivy. It was very damp and infested by spiders. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, he seemed to derive great gratification from sitting there, and, through the network of ivy stems, watching the unconscious Adèle.

He liked to look at her; he liked to see her smile, and when once she laughed at one of his rather weak jokes his delight was unbounded, but afterwards he went

off in a melancholy state of mind to wonder whether she had laughed at the joke or the joker. Gaston did not analyze his feelings. He did not even seek her company; he only gazed at her from a distance, as a man might gaze at an angel, and thought her the best and most beautiful woman in the world.

Gaston de Francheville could not have sat for a typical portrait of young France. He was rather phlegmatic than excitable. He was truehearted and steadfast. It generally took him some time to reach a conclusion, but when that conclusion was reached he stood firm as a rock. Some people called this quality obstinacy; others, firmness; but they all agreed that it was "Gaston de Francheville's way."

A handsome young man—nothing remarkable—you would have thought, had you casually met on a boulevard or in the Bois. He was somewhat taller than the average Frenchman, with dark brown, generally close-cropped hair, a light brown mustache, a bronzed complexion, and honest hazel eyes. He was always well dressed, as became a de Francheville.

One soft, balmy May eve, Adèle opened her "Evangeline," and as usual began to pace along the garden path.

There was a slight rustling among the ivy that covered the summer-house, and a cloud of curling smoke arose. Adèle, with her back to the arbor, did not notice the sound or the smoke, but went on with her poem. It was "Evangeline."

"In that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware's waters,
Guarding in sylvan shade the name of Penn the apostle,
Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he founded.
There all the air is balm—"

"I doubt that," murmured Adèle, who had spent a winter in the said city.

"Mademoiselle—ahem!" said a

somewhat uncertain voice at her elbow.

"Mademoiselle Adèle—Martin!"

She turned quickly and saw Gaston. His sudden appearance had startled her. He seemed rather uneasy himself, and not self-possessed. He walked beside her, throwing away his half-smoked cigar. He drew another from its case in silence, lit it, and then remembering himself, blushed, and threw it away.

"Will you permit me to say a few words to you, Mademoiselle?"

"Certainly."

He paused awhile after she had answered.

Why this ceremony? He had spoken to her often without permission. Her heart beat quickly. Perhaps Madame had need of her services no longer. "Thy will be done, O Lord," she murmured.

"Well, then, Mademoiselle—well, then—" Gaston was stricken with something akin to stage-fright. It occurred to him with terrifying suddenness that Adèle might never have considered the proposition he was about to make—that thus far he had thought of it from only one point of view. But Adèle was waiting for him to speak.

"Well, then, Mademoiselle," he continued, desperately, "I want you to be my wife. I love you!"

This *was* abrupt, and Gaston knew it, but it was too late to soften it now.

Adèle started in surprise, but her heart sang a song of joy, and her face brightened.

"Have you any objection?" he asked, taking her hand.

"I have not thought yet, Monsieur Gaston," she said, turning away her face perhaps to conceal the new light in her eyes, and she made a very slight effort to withdraw the imprisoned hand.

"Then it is settled, Adèle. Thou wilt try to love me," he said, using the tender "*tu*."

"But, Madame, your mother—"

"It is not Madame that is to marry you, Adèle; it is I. She shall know of it to-night."

Although the rose-buds had not yet opened, a sweet odor, as of roses, seemed to surround Adèle. She tore her hand from Gaston's grasp, and ran up to her room. There she blushed, sighed, and laughed, finally subsiding into what is technically called "a good cry."

Shortly after that little scene in the garden, Madame, in rustling gray silk, point lace, and pearls, sailed into the salon. The curé had been invited to dine at the château, but at the eleventh hour he had sent a regret. He was obliged to answer an unexpected sick-call.

"Sick indeed!" exclaimed Madame, with asperity. "People are continually getting sick at unreasonable times. They might exercise a little self-denial, and let the poor man eat his dinner in peace! Selfishness, selfishness, all is selfishness!"

Gaston was trying to read by the light of one wax candle perched in a chandelier high above his head. Madame, being economical, had forbidden the lighting of more than one candle until the curé's arrival.

"Ma mère," began Gaston, "I have asked Mademoiselle Adèle to be my wife, and she has promised—that is—"

"What?" demanded Madame, standing still, and bending her eyes on her son in amazement.

"I have asked Mademoiselle Adèle to be my wife, and she has not refused."

Madame stood as one stricken dumb. She opened her lips, and then closed them. When one loses one's temper, one loses all, was a favorite maxim of hers. In silence she took out her *bonbonnière*, and with great deliberation selected some vanilla chocolate.

"You have done a very foolish thing, Gaston," she said, in her gentlest tone. "Consider. Have you committed yourself irretrievably?"

"Have I not said, Maman, that I asked Adèle to be my wife? I have told her that I love her."

"That is nothing. Twenty young men told me the same thing before I had seen your father."

"But my father would not have told you so had he not meant it, and you have often said that I am like my father."

Again Madame applied herself to her *bonbonnière*. Vanilla chocolate had a soothing effect on her nerves.

"Gaston," she said, "you well know that the house of de Francheville is not as rich as it was long ago when your ancestor Gontran founded a church in Nantes, which was the wonder of the surrounding country. There is only one estate in our province which could bear such a drain now, and that is the magnificent estate of the Marquis de Saluces. The heiress to that estate I expect each day to arrive in France. She has a daughter. Of this daughter I have spoken to you, Gaston. Will you throw away the chance of becoming one of the richest proprietors in France?"

"But I love Adèle, mother."

"Bah!" said Madame in a tone of infinite scorn. "Give up the thought of this girl, Gaston. I will persuade her—"

"Never!" cried Gaston, aroused for once. "I'll never marry without your blessing, but I'll never sacrifice my honor to gain it!"

"But you are willing to sacrifice the honor of your family for an obscure girl!" Madame was losing her temper. The *bonbonnière* again came into use.

"The honor of our family, if true and honest love can sully it, it is a false, boastful, empty name!"

There was a short silence, during which Madame closed her eyes, and reflected.

"I will consent to your marrying this girl on one condition. You shall go to Paris on Friday, Gaston. To-day is Wednesday. You will have one day for preparation. It is sufficient. In Paris I wish you to remain a month. If, at the end of that time, your mind is still unchanged regarding this girl, I will receive Adèle Martin as my daughter. Do you consent?"

Gaston hesitated. He hardly knew how to take this.

"I consent," he said; "I will start for Paris on Friday."

Before Madame retired that evening, she wrote a letter and directed it to the inn of the Golden Horse, Nantes.

All the next day Gaston was occupied with the preparations for his journey, and Madame took care that Adèle should be occupied too. Work was provided for her in the mysterious recesses of Madame's apartment. Gaston made several attempts to see her, but his mother's vigilance rendered them fruitless. He spoke to her once before he started, but Madame was present, and so he was forced to leave the château, according to promise, without having been able to say one tender word to the "*dame de ses pensées*."

On Saturday—Gaston had started for Paris the previous day—a letter came to Madame from Monsieur Blanque, and on the same night she paid a visit to Adèle's room. The interview between this woman of the world and the girl lasted some time. Madame's voice was in unvarying monotone, but Adèle's was passionate and sob-broken.

"I do not blame you, my dear," the former was saying in answer to some outbreak of the girl's. "I do not blame *you*, for in America no distinction of rank is acknowledged, but here things are entirely

different. If my poor Gaston marries you, he will be generous but foolish; but if you consent to marry him, you will be the executioner of my dearest hopes—the destroyer of my son's future happiness."

"Madame," Adèle interrupted, in a tone that had more impatience in it than she had yet shown, "you forget that your son's happiness depends in part at least on his love for me."

"Poor, poor child!" murmured Madame. "And you believe that because Gaston says so! When you have seen as much of the world as I have, you will be less credulous. Believe me, my child, one pretty woman is just as dear to a man as another. But when did Gaston tell you all this nonsense?"

"He never told it to me in words exactly," said Adèle, the lovely blush-rose hue growing deeper in her cheeks, "but since he spoke to me in the garden, his eyes—in a word, Madame, I am sure that he loves me."

"Love! bah, it is folly," cried Madame, losing her equanimity. "Have some vanilla chocolate? No? Well, my dear," she continued, changing her tone, "I believe that Gaston thinks he loves you, and, *hélas!* he is obstinate; but remember that I have almost engaged him to the granddaughter of the Marquis de Saluces."

"And has he no voice in the matter?"

"My dear, in France parents arrange these affairs."

"It is not so at home," said Adèle, the tear-drops on her lashes sparkling in the resolute light of her eyes. "I do not care. I will not give him up!"

"You are selfish, Mademoiselle," said Madame, in a tone delicately modulated to express sorrow rather than anger. "But can I blame you? you are not a mother, and none but mothers know what self-sacrifice truly is. Listen to me. Gaston is

comparatively poor now, for he has only one thousand francs de rente of his own, and when this is divided between two, he will be poorer. Neither am I rich, but I am not wholly destitute, and I tell you, Mademoiselle, that when——" Madame hesitated, and shivered slightly. "No matter. I will give him nothing, if you become his wife. How could you two live? It is true that Gaston has studied medicine, but the idea of a de Francheville practicing that profession is absurd! He has nothing. You have nothing. Surely, you will not be silly enough to marry!"

Adèle did not answer, though Madame paused.

"You will not cause my son to sacrifice everything—wealth, rank, ease—for you. Will you, Mademoiselle?"

Adèle's face became white, and she turned to Madame imploringly.

"Answer me, Mademoiselle."

"No," sobbed Adèle. "I will not see him again. I do not doubt his love, assure him of that, Madame, but I doubt that mine could compensate him for all he would lose."

"A noble girl!" cried Madame, turning up her eyes. "Would that I could call you daughter! But that is impossible. Hélas! But your sacrifice is not yet complete. You must marry another."

"Madame!"

"Yes, my child, and I have provided a bridegroom for you, a worthy man, Jérémie Hercule Blanque. You must put it out of Gaston's power to marry you, and the only way to do so is to marry somebody else. Gaston is obstinate as the rock. If you are not extremely firm, strong, and true to yourself, he will make you his wife in spite of everybody."

Adèle wished that he would, but she did not say so. It was very hard, very hard, she sobbed.

Madame talked far into the night,

and at last, dizzy, wretched, and exhausted, Adèle promised to become the wife of Monsieur Blanque.

Monsieur Blanque, when he had been informed of the result of this interview, paid frequent visits to the château. He was often thrown into Adèle's way. At these times the girl greeted him with a cold bow or a few monosyllables, and then took refuge in her room.

"Mademoiselle Martin does not speak much now," said Monsieur Blanque, "but I fear that it will not be so after marriage."

Madame de Francheville had named the wedding day. The marriage was to take place three days before Gaston was expected home from exile. A dead calm seemed to have fallen upon Adèle. The worst had come to the worst. She could not weep, and she found it hard to pray. Her visits to the church grew more frequent, and the curé did not fail to notice that she often wept. "Thy will be done—Thy will be done, dear Lord! But, O Mother of Sorrows, have pity on me!" This was her prayer.

Gay Paris had now no attractions for Gaston. Three weeks of his time of probation had crawled away. Adèle was constantly in his mind. Another week, and then years of happiness! *Si la jeunesse savait!*

Two days of this last week passed. Gaston had reached the last stage of restlessness, and when Pierre Frèchon's well-known voice was heard outside his room door in loud conversation with the concierge, he rushed forth and warmly welcomed that individual.

"You overwhelm me, Monsieur le Comte," said Pierre, helping himself to the coffee and cognac which Gaston offered him. "I can tell you nothing about the people at de Francheville, except that they are all well, and that Monsieur Blanque, whom you doubtless remember, frequently visits the châ-

teau. It was only the day before yesterday that I drove him there, which event causes my visit to you! I have sold my beautiful cabriolet, Monsieur!"

Pierre Frèchon paused, evidently expecting that the startling information would stun Gaston.

"Indeed!"

"Yes, I am going to my brother, who is in America. The day before yesterday, Friday, an unlucky day too! *quel dommage!* a letter came from my brother, and at once I sold my cabriolet to a man who had long wanted to buy it. Unfortunately, Monsieur Blanque had left his overcoat, and a packet, which fell from the inside pocket of it, in my cabriolet. I had not time to convey them after him to the château, and so, as I was on my way to Paris, I brought them to you. Will you oblige me, Monsieur le Comte, by returning them to their owner?"

Pierre might have added that he could have just as well sent the articles to the château by the new driver of the cabriolet, had he not required some pretext for visiting Gaston, in the hope of receiving a parting "*pour boire.*" He was not disappointed. Having left Monsieur Blanque's light overcoat and the packet, he departed in great good humor. When he had gone, Gaston hastily glanced at the packet. It was addressed to his mother.

"This may be important," he thought, "it was very careless of Blanque to forget it."

The next day, he took up the packet again. "It is important, I am sure," he said; "I had better risk everything, and take it to her at once. It is not necessary that I should see Adèle until the month has fully passed. I will leave the château as soon as I deliver the packet."

And yet, had he not cherished a hope of catching a passing glimpse of Adèle, he would not

have troubled himself about that packet. How elaborately we disguise our real motives sometimes!

He packed his portmanteau, and went out to settle some business matters with a notary. Delays followed, and it was not until late on Wednesday morning that, burning with impatience, he got into a carriage at the railroad station at Nantes, and ordered the driver to take him to de Francheville.

As Gaston went up the avenue leading to the château, he noticed that the family carriage was waiting. He concluded that his mother was about to pay one of her visits of state.

"If so, I am just in time," he thought.

Just in time!

He found Madame de Francheville in the boudoir adjoining the salon. Her dress was unusually rich.

"Ma mère is probably about to visit the Archbishop or the Prefet, at least," muttered Gaston, standing in the doorway.

She saw his reflection in the mirror before which she stood.

"You here!" she cried, turning suddenly. "Have you broken our compact, Gaston?"

"No," he said. "I will return to Paris as soon as I have given you this packet, which Monsieur Blanque left in the cabriolet. It is addressed to you."

"To me! But go at once, Gaston. I have an important engagement, and there is no time for talking. Go at once," she repeated, eagerly. "You have only two days to wait."

She took the packet, looked at the address, and tore away the already mutilated wrapper.

"Au revoir, mon fils," she said, unfolding the paper.

"Au revoir, ma mère," returned Gaston, bowing ceremoniously, and then turning on his heel "until Friday."

"Martin! Adèle de Saluces!" gasped Madame, hastily scanning the words. "Gaston! Gaston! Go! Follow them! I have been deceived! They have gone to the mairie for the civil ceremony,—the religious marriage will take place at twelve. Go! go! I say!"

Gaston had reached the middle of the salon, and was looking wistfully at the unoccupied piano-stool—Adèle's accustomed seat at this hour of the day. He turned towards his mother in surprise.

"Explain."

"Do you not hear me!" she exclaimed. "Monsieur Blanque and Adèle have gone to be married! Go after them," she screamed; "to the mairie, and prevent it before it is too late!"

Gaston rushed out upon the terrace, over the flower-beds recklessly, and sprang into the waiting carriage. Old Berthe's mouth and eyes opened wide in amazement.

"Don't spare the horses, Berthe. Use the whip! To the mairie!"

There was a tone in Gaston's voice that warned Berthe that he had best do as he was told. Never before had the de Francheville vehicle rattled over sticks and stones at such a fearful rate of speed.

Reaching the mairie in about five minutes, Gaston ran madly through the hall into the principal apartment. Here Monsieur le Maire stood ready to perform the ceremony. Monsieur Blanque, in a capacious white vest, spotless tie and gloves, with a huge bunch of white lilacs in the buttonhole of his glossy coat, was near the civil functionary. He held an open watch in his hand, from which his glances anxiously wandered to the corner of the room where a knot of festively attired ladies were gathered. They were surrounding Adèle, who had fainted on entering the room. Gas-

ton, with long strides, neared the sofa.

"Adèle!"

Her eyes opened, and a faint tinge of color returned to her face.

"Gaston!"

Before anybody could interfere, he had caught her in his arms. Half carrying, half leading her, he strode through the hall, and deposited her in the carriage. Monsieur Blanque reached the steps of the mairie in time to see Gaston shut the carriage-door. The vehicle rolled away, leaving him standing in the midday sunshine, while the village children gathered around him, and made remarks on his gorgeous appearance.

"I renounce you, perfidious girl, treacherous Adèle!" he cried, shaking both his fists in the direction of the departing carriage. Accidentally, his eye caught the blaze of Adèle's diamond on his finger. Nothing could force him to remove that. He smiled through his tears. The bargain was not so bad after all! But, in spite of that, he felt that he had risked much, and drawn a blank!

* * * * *

Gaston and Adèle were married. They are perfectly satisfied with each other. Neither indulged in unreal, unnatural expectations regarding the other during the time preceding marriage, and there has been no disappointment. They are tranquilly happy—happy in each other's love—happy in the practice of our holy faith, without which human life is barren and human love as false and bitter as Dead Sea fruit.

Madame de Francheville shudders and refreshes herself from her *bonbonnière*, when she remembers how narrowly the heiress of a marquis escaped the plebeian appellation of "Madame Blanque!"

'TIS SUMMER.

A HYMN TO MARY.

'Tis summer on the land, Mother,
 'Tis summer on the sea;
 'Tis summer in my soul, Mother,
 Whene'er I think of thee,—
 Whene'er I think on thee, Mother,
 Though darkest storm-clouds lower,
 For thou'rt to me the brightest ray
 Of Mercy's sunlike power.

'Tis summer in the woods, Mother,
 Where leaflets deck the trees;
 'Tis summer 'mid the garden bowers
 Whence springs the scented breeze.
 So have the graces of thy care
 Redecked my sin-spoiled soul,
 And the sweet perfume of thy love
 'Freshed it 'neath grief's control.

'Tis summer on the streams, Mother,
 So laughs each rippling rill;
 'Tis summer 'mid the blooming hedge
 Where birds their carols trill.
 So have the streamlets of thy grace
 Come gladsomely to me,
 And all my powers joy-tuned broke forth
 In holiest minstrelsy.

'Tis summer 'mid the stars, Mother,
 That stud earth's purple dome;
 The glorious midnight lifts my soul
 Beyond to thy bright home,—
 There, when life's winter's over,
 And all time's nightshades flee,
 May I find eternal summer
 With Jesus and with thee!

THE ORDER OF OUR SAVIOUR.

THE Order established by St. Bridget about the year 1344 has taken the name of the "Saviour," because it is believed that he himself prescribed the rules and constitutions, and dictated them to St. Bridget, which were to be observed by the religious of both sexes. This princess, who sprang from one of the noblest houses in the kingdom of Sweden, was born about the year 1302; her parents were eminently pious; and before she was born her mother was overtaken by a storm at sea. Several of her companions were drowned, and it was revealed to her in a vision on the following night that her own escape was miraculous, and owing to the child she should bear, who would become an ornament and a blessing. Her mother did not long survive her birth; and when she reached the age of thirteen, though she wished to remain single, she obeyed her father, and married Wipphon, Prince of Nericie, then eighteen. By mutual consent they lived a year apart, and both being in the third order of St. Francis lived in their own house with the regularity of cloistered life. Wipphon opposed not his wife's practices of mortification; she lay on a board, spent the greater part of the night in meditation and prayer, wore sackcloth, and visited hospitals, where she attended on the sick. Her husband was frequently called to court, and was consulted by the king on all matters of moment. Yet he felt his life useless as compared with that of his wife. He retired from court, and made with his whole family a voyage to St. James's in Gallicia. On his way homeward he was taken dangerously ill at Arras; his wife used all possible means for his recovery,

and earnestly besought it of God. St. Denis appeared to her, foretold her many things, and gave her the instantaneous recovery of her husband as the token that they would surely happen. On his reaching home he was so inflamed with the love of God, that he wished to surrender himself altogether; and with consent of his wife he entered the monastery of Citeaux, where he died within the year of his novitiate. His wife redoubled her austerities; she parted with all her goods to her children; she used to eat with the poor, and beg with them; she wore no linen, and girt herself with a knotted cord. On Fridays she frequently dropped melted wax on different parts of her body to freshen her sense of our Lord's sufferings, and on that day she lived on bread and water. Her watchings were no less austere; in this manner she lived nearly thirty years after her husband.

It is supposed to have been about the year 1344, and prior to her giving away all her wealth, that she built the monastery of Wastein in Sweden. In this monastery originated the Order since called the "Holy Saviour," or "St. Bridget," and which seems to be framed for religious who are to honor the Virgin in a very special way.

There are to be sixty religious in each monastery, thirteen priests, four deacons,—who represent the four doctors of the Church, SS. Ambrose, Augustine, Gregory, and Jerome,—with eight lay members; the whole forming the number of the thirteen Apostles, and the seventy-two disciples of our Lord.

Women are not to be received under the age of eighteen, nor men before twenty-five. On the expiration of the novitiate the bishop, or

some one deputed by him, goes to the door of the church and there puts questions to the postulant, after which he causes her to enter the church; a red banner is carried before her, which has a cross on one side, and a picture of the Virgin on the other,—that by looking on the cross she may learn poverty and patience, and on the Virgin humility and chastity; two lighted flambeaux are carried, one on each side of the banner, and these remain lighted during Mass.

Before beginning Mass the bishop puts a ring on the postulant, which he had consecrated while she was still standing in the porch. At the offertory she makes her offering, and returns to her place, where she remains until the clothes are blessed. When she again presents herself it is with bare feet and divested of all her dress with the exception of a tunic. The bishop then clothes her in religion, and having put on the veil he continues the Mass. When he comes to the part at which the nuptial benediction is given at the marriage ceremony, he turns towards the people, desires the postulant to be called, and after certain prayers places upon her head the crown worn by religious of the Order; while fastening on the crown he repeats other prayers. Mass being ended, he has the postulant again called. She prostrates herself flat on the ground, and the Litanies are read over her, after which she receives Communion. Four religious then open the door of the monastery, through which she is to enter, advance to her, and placing her on a bier carry her in. The bishop follows to deliver her up to the abbess, and for eight days she is not bound to any regular observances. The same ceremonial is used at the reception of a man, only that there is imposition of hands instead of the ring, veil, and crown; and after the Mass the bishop introduces the new religious

into his brethren's house, which he is never to quit except to go to church. The church is in common to the sisters and the brothers. It must have thirteen altars, in honor of the thirteen Apostles; fourteen chalices, two of which are reserved for the high altar. Each altar is to have two sets of vestments—one for daily use, another for festivals. The female choir is above, the male below. The former only recite the office of the Virgin with three lessons; and whatever festival may come, they sing the High Mass of the Virgin, and after it the *Salve Regina*. The religious men recite the offices used in the diocese in which their monastery may be. Before Vespers, and after saying an *Ave*, each choir asks pardon of the other by bending low and saying, "For the love of God, and of his blessed Mother, forgive us if we have offended you by sign, by word, or by deed; and we for our parts most sincerely pardon anything in which you may have failed towards us."

As to clothing, the sisters must have two chemises of white bureau, a gray tunic of the same, a cowl, and a mantle fastened with a wooden pin, which in winter will be furred with lambskin. Their head-dress is a guimpe covering the forehead, and closely over this guimpe a black lawn veil, and over the veil a white linen crown, on which will be five little bits of scarlet to resemble drops of blood. The men are to have two chemises of white bureau, a tunic of gray, a cowl of the same, to which will be fastened a mantle with a hood. On the mantle the priests wear on the left side a red cross, and in the middle of the cross white cloth in form of the Host. The deacons wear a white circle to represent the wisdom bestowed on the doctors of the Church, and on the circle, four pieces of red in the form of tongues of fire. The reverse side of the

cross is white, a symbol of innocence; and on the white five red marks, to represent the five wounds of our Lord.

Before opening any new monastery there must be a sufficient number of sisters and of priests to sing the offices. Afterwards those that offer themselves are to be received until the stated number be made up. Each member must bring sufficient dower for his or her support, and the sums thus brought together are to form a revenue for the monastery. All who come in afterwards enter gratis, and the monastery may not receive rents or bequests. The abbess must provide the sisters and brothers with all necessaries, and keep the buildings in repair with the alms collected in the monastery. When any member of the community die, their clothes are given to the poor, and their pittance is given away daily until their places are filled up. Anything voluntarily given upon entering is distributed amongst the poor or bestowed upon necessitous churches. Should the monastery be in such circumstances as to render the acceptance of a gift expedient, the mode by which the donor acquired it is to be investigated and proved by five witnesses, and if his legitimate right seem in the least questionable, the gift must be rejected. Each year on the eve of All Saints a calculation is to be made as to the probable expenses of the following year, and everything over and above, whether in money or in provisions, is to be given to the poor the day after All Saints, so that the monastery may not retain anything superfluous. On Thursdays a chapter is held by the abbess, when the sisters who have fallen into any faults have penances. Any one whose fault is proved by three witnesses, while she refuses to confess it, eats her usual meal on the ground this first day of the chapter. The second

day, Friday, she has but bread and water, and for these two days she may not quit the church. At the offices she prostrates herself before each sister, and all pass out without speaking to her. After Vespers, the abbess, accompanied by all our religious, goes to seek the penitent, raises her from the ground, conducts her to the altar, where, receiving absolution, she retakes her proper place. Should any one die unconfessed, she is taken to the church door, and, in presence of the sisters, the abbess says, "This person, through the suggestion of the devil, has sinned grievously against God and against religion. Let us pray that God may pardon her, for he is merciful." After an *Ave Maria* or absolution, the deceased is borne to the choir of the sisters, and thence, after the usual prayers for the departed, to the place of sepulture.

The bishop of the diocese should be the father and visitor of the monastery; the kings or chiefs of the state its defenders and advocates; and the Pope its protector. Without the consent of the Pope no monastery of the Order was to be built. The fasts were strict; silence was always kept from early morning till after High Mass, which was celebrated in honor of the Blessed Virgin; always at meals; from Vespers until grace after supper; and from the close of the evening recreation until the next day. There ought to be an open fosse, into which the abbess with her religious should descend daily after tierce, and after praying there, cast in some earth. At the entrance to the church is to be a bier and coffin. The order being intended to give particular honor to the Blessed Virgin, the abbess is obeyed by the brothers as well as by the sisters; and she chooses from amongst the priests one to be general confessor.

This is an abridgment of the *constitutions* supposed to be given

by our Lord himself to St. Bridget. The *rule* observed was that of St. Augustine. Most of these constitutions became in time impracticable as changes in religion and in governments took place.

A volume of the revelations of St. Bridget was presented by her daughter St. Catherine; and by St. Bridget's confessor to Pope Gregory XI. These revelations were most carefully examined in his reign, and in that of his successor, by several cardinals, and they were pronounced by all to have come from God.

St. Bridget made very many pilgrimages, which was a reason for her not having assumed the habit of her Order. In the year 1370, she obtained in person from Pope Urban V the confirmation of her Order. During one of her visits to

Rome she had a revelation to go to Jerusalem. She was at the time sixty-nine years of age, and feared the voyage; but our Lord told her he would be with her, and strength should be given her. She went with her daughter Catherine (worthy of being afterwards placed among the saints); and it was on her return from this pilgrimage, that, after having edified the Church by the sanctity of her life, and having given to her religious a living model of the rule they were to follow, she died, the 23d of July, 1373. The following year her daughter had her remains conveyed to Sweden, to the Monastery of Wastein, in which she was a religious, and which she afterwards governed as abbess. St. Bridget was canonized under the Pontificate of Boniface XI.

A PILGRIMAGE TO THE SAINTE-BAUME.*

It was during the latter part of the summer of 1871, that the writer of this notice, with two other members of the same family circle, in anticipation of their usual autumn ramble, resolved on visiting the Sainte-Baume, one of the most celebrated places of pilgrimage in that part of France known as Sunny Provence, and which, according to tradition, was for thirty years the dwelling-place of St. Mary Magdalen, the great penitent of the Gospel.

In the good old times, now fast passing away, this pilgrimage was held in such high veneration by the inhabitants of the district, that it was generally a stipulation in marriage contracts that the husband should take his bride to the Sainte-Baume.

* From the Provençal "*Baoumo*," signifying cave.

We intended going on as far as Aubagne by train, and then taking a carriage to the Sainte-Baume. On arriving at Aubagne we found plenty of carriages but no horses, as all were engaged, so we made the best of the two hours at our disposal before the next train started, in visiting the parish church and the curé, who was an old friend of the Abbé.

When we arrived at Auriol, the farthest point we could reach by railway, we found the only available conveyance was an omnibus, which was going to St. Maximin.

However, as we intended visiting the latter place on the following day, we met our disappointment with true pilgrim spirit, and directed all our energies to getting seats in the omnibus. What a crush! What a scramble it was!

An old country woman, armed with a large basket and umbrella, sat right down upon me, and laughingly observed in *patois* to her neighbor, that she thought I should be converted into an omelette. I was quite of her opinion; but in spite of the discomforts arising from heat and overcrowding, we were a very merry party, and our trials soon diminished as the passengers alighted first at one village, then at another; and the latter part of the way our party was reduced to a Dominican father, a shepherd and his wife, and ourselves.

After we left St. Zachary, the country became more and more picturesque, and the ascent steeper. Our road lay through a narrow gorge with rocks on either side, clothed with trees and shrubs. As we approached the plain of St. Maximin, the old shepherd and his wife pointed out to us on our right, the ridge of rocks in which lies the Sainte-Baume. Good old souls! their excitement grew more and more intense as we neared the place from which the spot could be seen, so eager were they to be the first to show us where it was.

At last we came to the plain of St. Maximin. I shall never forget the magnificent scene. The surrounding rocks were of a beautiful purple color, and the sun sank to rest in a glorious golden light.

M. l'Abbé directed our attention to a little church, perched on one of these rocks, and dedicated to one of the companions of St. Mary Magdalen.

As we drew near St. Maximin we passed a curious pillar on our right called the St. Pilon, or Holy Pillar, of the Aurelian way. It is about four feet in height, and supports a figure of St. Mary Magdalen borne aloft by four angels dressed in the Benedictine habit. This pillar marks the spot to which St. Mary Magdalen was carried by Holy Angels on the day of her death.

She walked from thence to St. Maximin, where according to St. Francis of Sales, she received her last Communion, and then gave back her spirit to God.

We reached St. Maximin about seven o'clock, but it was quite dark, and we could see little or nothing of the town. Immediately after dinner we hurried off to the Dominican chapel, and were just in time to hear the *Salve Regina* sung by the whole community, consisting of forty or fifty monks.

There were many of the townspeople present. At the side of the altar was a fresco of our Lord appearing to St. Mary Magdalen, after a painting by the celebrated Dominican artist Père Berson.

Early next morning we wended our way to the Church of St. Maximin. This famous church and the adjoining monastery belonged to the Dominicans from the thirteenth century until the great French Revolution.

Père Lacordaire succeeded in repurchasing the monastery, but the church is still served by secular priests. We hope the day is not far distant when it will be again served by the children of St. Dominic.

It was in this monastery that Père Lacordaire wrote the last pages of "Sainte Marie Madeline" only a few months before his death.

Under the nave of the church is the celebrated crypt where St. Mary Magdalen was buried, and which now possesses the relics which were saved from destruction during the revolution.

I can hardly describe one's feelings as I entered the crypt for Mass. Here were the remains of one who had loved and waited on our Lord during his mortal life, and who had been forgiven by Him for many sins because she had loved much.

In this solemn little crypt M. l'Abbé said Mass, a Dominican

father served it, and two peasant people besides our little party formed the whole congregation.

Among the relics now preserved at the back of the altar is the head of the Saint. During the course of eighteen centuries a small fragment of flesh continued to adhere to the left temple. It is known by the name of *Noli me tangere* or *Touch me not*, and is, according to tradition, the spot where our Lord, the author of our life, touched the saint on the morning of his Resurrection. The fact is fully confirmed by the medical men who made an investigation by command of the magistrates in 1780, shortly before the fragment became detached.

On the gospel side of the altar is the alabaster tomb where the body of St. Mary Magdalen was first laid, and on the opposite side is that of St. Maximin, after whom the church is named, and who was one of the seventy-two disciples of our Lord. He came over with our saint and her companions, and he it was who gave her her last Communion, and buried her.

There are also the tombs of St. Sidonius, successor of St. Maximin in the see of Aix, and a tomb of the Holy Innocents, which Père Lacordaire suggests may have contained the relics of some of the Innocents murdered by Herod, and the remains of children who had died after baptism.

In the middle of the day we had to leave this holy and memorable spot, and we once more resumed our journey to the Saint-Baume. This time at least we had no difficulty in finding a carriage, and after two hours' drive, we reached Naus, where we were compelled to descend and take donkeys for the latter part of the way.

The road is very bad from Naus to the Dominican hospice that lies at the foot of the Sainte-Baume. But, in spite of this drawback, we enjoyed the ascent very much; the

views of the surrounding country, and the great plain of St. Maximin, were most charming; the air was scented with wild lavender and other herbs, which grew in great profusion by the wayside, and over the adjoining rocks.

We were very kindly received by the fathers at the hospice, and after supper we went to the chapel for the *Salve*, but as this is quite a small establishment, and there are not many religious attached to it, the singing was not so grand or imposing as on the preceding evening.

The next morning we started a little after six o'clock for the Holy Cave. Rain was falling, and a dense mist enveloped the mountains, so as almost to conceal from our view a beautiful wood of beech, oak, and yew trees, with large boulders of rock peeping out here and there, through which we passed, and in which it is said that no venomous reptile or insect is ever found.

By the wayside were several little oratories, which formerly contained bas-reliefs, commemorating different events of the life of St. Mary Magdalen. They were erected by Jean Ferrier, Archbishop of Arles, in 1516, but were much defaced and mutilated during the Revolution.

After an hour's walk, we reached the Sainte-Baume; but we were still in a region of mist and cloud, and could not see a yard in front of us. A lay-brother came out of the small hospice close by, and insisted on our going in; but he would not allow us to enter the Holy Cave until we had rested after our walk.

This immense cave is situated 2008 feet above the level of the sea.

Facing you as you enter is the high altar, and at the back of it is a small rock, eight or fourteen feet high, which is called *La Penitence*. It was on this spot that St.

Mary Magdalen spent the greater part of her time in prayer. A statue of the saint crowns the summit.

You ascend it by a little flight of steps on the epistle side of the altar.

La Penitence is the only dry spot in the whole cave, the rest is excessively damp, and the drops of water which are perpetually falling down the rocks have been poetically named by the peasantry, "Magdalen tears."

There are two other altars in the cave; but funds are very much needed to replace them with others more suitable, as also to complete the floor, which is only partially paved.

After breakfast, at the hospice, we returned to the grotto, for the pilgrims' sermon, which is always preached whenever a congregation of pilgrims, however small, is assembled. The sermon was followed by Benediction, one of the most solemn services which can be imagined.

In spite of mist and clouds we resolved on visiting Saint Pilon, 200 feet above the Holy Grotto, and where we are told St. Mary Magdalen was carried by angels seven times a day, to listen to celestial music. After an hour's walk over fallen stones and rocks, we reached the summit and entered the little chapel, where Mass is sometimes said. Here we waited

until nearly 12 o'clock, the mountain being still enveloped in mist, when one of our party proposed singing the *Magnificat*. We had barely finished it when a sudden change came; a strong current of wind cleared the clouds away, and we saw the beautiful plains below brilliant in sunshine; valleys, rocks, sea, and mountains, all lay unfolded beneath us.

We enjoyed this glorious scene for a few moments only; as rapidly as this bright vision appeared, as rapidly did it pass away, and again we were enveloped in mist.

Then we resumed our downward journey, but when we reached the lower hospice, the omnibus had started, and there was nothing left for us but to walk back to St. Zachary, so after a hurried dinner and a short interview with the Guest Master, we set out once more.

We reached St. Zachary just in time to catch the omnibus for Amiol, and there we again took the railway to Marseilles.

The pilgrimage which I have thus briefly attempted to sketch seems almost unknown to travellers, but from the happiness and satisfaction it afforded our party, I feel that I cannot too earnestly recommend persons passing through Marseilles to follow our example, and make a detour to Sainte-Baume and St. Maximin.

THAT prince, and that alone, is truly great,
Who draws the sword reluctant, gladly sheathes;
On empire builds what empire far outweighs,
And makes his throne a scaffold to the skies.

WHAT I SAW FROM MY WINDOW.

I AM a very quiet man, fond of idle dreaming, fond of speculative studies, fond of a great many things that rarely make headway in this practical world, but which fitly furnish forth a life that has been almost blank of incident.

The love of seclusion has grown upon me as moss grows upon a rooted stone; I could not wrench myself away from it, even if I would. Of worldly pelf I have little, but that little suffices me; and, although my existence seems selfish—nay, is so—I lack not interest in my kind. I catch hold of a slight thread of reality, and weave it into a tissue of romance. The facts that I cannot know, imagination supplies me with; and my own temperament, still and melancholy, suffuses the story with a tender twilight hue, which is not great anguish, but which takes no tint of joy.

My abode is in one of the retired streets. I know not where a man can be so utterly alone as in this great Babylon. My favorite room has a bay window overhanging the pavement, and in its cornices, its door-frames, and its lofty carved mantelshelf, testifies to better days than it is ever likely to see again. The rents in this quarter are low; and though, at certain long intervals, the street is as forsaken and silent as Tadmor in the wilderness, still, the surging rush, the rattle, the hum of the vast city, echoes through my solitude from dawn till dark. I love that echo in my heart. It is company. If I had been a happy, I should have been a busy man—a worker instead of a dreamer. That little IF—that great impassable gulf—between the actual and the possible!

I do not begin and end my romances in a day, in a week, in a month, or even in a year, as storytellers do. The threads run on and on: sometimes smoothly, sometimes in hopeless entanglement. The merest trifle may suggest them; now, it is the stealthy, startled looking back of a man over his shoulder, as he hurries down the street, as if Fate with her sleuth-hounds, Vengeance and Justice, were following close upon his traces; now, the downcast gray head of a loiterer, hands in pockets, chin on breast, drivelling aimlessly nowhere; again, it is the pitiful face of a little child clad in mourning; or, it is the worn figure of a woman in shabby garments, young, toilsome, hopeless; or, it is the same figure flaunting in silks and laces, but a hundredfold more toilsome, more hopeless. Occasionally I take hold of a golden thread that runs from a good and a happy life. Such a thread I caught three years ago, and the tissue into which I wrought it is completed at last. This is it:

I have mentioned my bay window overhanging the street; in this window is a luxuriously cushioned old-fashioned red settee. By this settee, a solid-limbed table, on which my landlady every morning lays my breakfast, and the newly-come-in newspaper. It was while leisurely enjoying my coffee and unconsciously watching the tremulous motion of the acacias which overtop the low garden wall of a house a little higher up the street, that I first laid my hand upon the gleaming thread which shines athwart this gray cobweb romance—cobweb, I say, because so slight is it, so altogether fancy-spun, that

perhaps the knowledge of one actual fact of the case would sweep it down as ruthlessly and entirely as a housemaid's brush destroys the diligent labors of arachne.

Perhaps it was the quivering green of the light acacia-leaves, with the sunshine flitting through and lying upon the pavement like a network of gold, that began my romance.

Every Thursday and every Saturday morning, for some months, I had seen a girl come round the street corner, without much observing her. I could have certified that she was tall and lissome in figure, and that she was scrupulously neat in her dress, but nothing further. That morning to which I refer in particular was early in June. The sun was shining in our quiet street; the birds were singing blithely in that overgrown London garden beyond the wall; the acacias were shivering and showering the broken beams upon the white stones as cheerily, as gaily, as if the roar of the vast city were a hundred miles away, instead of floating down on every breeze, filling every ear, chiming in like a softened bass to the whisper of the leaves and twitter of the birds. My window was open, and I was gazing dreamily on the branches above the wall, when a figure stopped beneath it and looked up; it was the young girl who passed every Thursday and Saturday morning. I observed her more closely than I had yet done, and saw that she was good and intelligent in face—pretty, even, for she had a clear, steadfast brow, fine eyes, and a fresh complexion. As she stood for a minute gazing up into the trees there was a curious, wistful, far-away look upon her countenance, which brightened into a smile as she came on more quickly for having lost a minute watching the acacia-leaves. She carried in her hand a roll covered with dark-

red morocco, and walked with a decisive step—light yet regular—as if her foot kept time to a march ringing in her memory. "She is a music teacher, going to one of her pupils," I said to myself; and, when she was gone by, I fell into my mood, and sought an interpretation of that thoughtful upcast look that I had seen upon her face under the trees.

"She was born in the country," I made out, "in some soft, balmy, sheltered spot, where all was pretty in the summer weather. There were acacias there, and these reminded her of them. Perhaps some one she knew and dearly loved had loved those trees, and she saw in the rippling shadows a long train of reminiscences that I could not see—things past, because her expression was tender, yet things not sad altogether, because a smile succeeded the little wistful look."

After that Thursday morning I watched for her coming twice in the week, each time with increased interest. I always give my dream-folk names, such as their appearance and general air suggest. I gave her the name of Georgie. She seemed to have a certain stability and independence of character which spring out of an early—possibly an enforced—habit of self-reliance. This I deduced from externals, such as that though her dress was always neat and appropriate, it was never fashionable. She looked what women among themselves call nice. I should say her tastes were nice in the more correct acceptation of the word, and by no means capricious. She wore usually a gray shade of some soft material for her dress; and, that summer, she wore a plain silky white shawl, which clung to her figure, a straw-bonnet with white ribbon, and a kerchief of bright rose or blue. Her shoes and her gloves were dainty; and, from the

habitual pleasantness of her countenance, I knew that if she were, as my familiar suggested, music and singing-mistress, the times went well with her. She had plenty to do, and was well paid.

Her coming was as good as a happy thought to me. Her punctuality was extraordinary. I could have set my watch by her movements those two mornings in each week. I watched for her as regularly as I watched for my breakfast, and should have missed her much more. By whatever way she returned home, it was not by my street. For two full months she came round the corner at ten minutes before nine, and, glancing up at the garden trees, passed down the opposite side of the pavement, and out of sight. All this time I could not add another chapter to my romance. She had ever the same cheerful brow, and quiet, placid, undisturbed mouth; the same dauntless, straight-looking, well-opened eyes; the same even, girlish step, as regular and calm as the beat of her own young heart. I could but work out the details of the country home where the rose on her cheek bloomed, and where the erect lithe shape developed; where the honest disposition grew into strength and principle, and where loving training had encouraged and ripened the kindly spirit that looked out at her eyes. Two or three little traits that showed her goodness, I did observe. Never a beggar asked of her in the street whom she did not either relieve or speak to with infinite goodness. I have seen her stop to comfort a crying child, and look after a half-starved masterless dog picking about the kennel for a bone, with a look on her face that reminded me of my lost one—so tender, so compassionate; so true, pure womanly.

One evening at the commencement of August—it was about half

past six, and all the sun was out of our street—I saw Georgie, as I called her in my own mind, come down the pavement, still carrying the music-roll; but not alone. There was with her a young man. He might be a clerk, or a doctor, or a lawyer, or any other profession almost, from his appearance; I could not tell what. He was tall, and certainly well-looking; but his face was rather feeble, and its complexion too delicate for a man. Georgie seemed his superior, in mind even more than in person. There was a suggestive slouch in his gait, a trail of the foot, that I did not like. He carried his head down, and walked slowly; but that might be from ill health, or that he wanted to keep Georgie's company longer, or a thousand things rather than the weakness of character with which, from the first glance, I felt disposed to charge him. He was perhaps Georgie's brother, I said at first; afterwards I felt sure he was her lover, and that she loved him.

Three weeks passed. Georgie's morning transits continued as regularly as the clock-stroke; but I had not seen her any more in the evenings, when I became aware that I had the young man, her companion, for an opposite neighbor. From the time of his daily exits and returns, I made out that he must be employed as clerk somewhere. He used to watch at the window for Georgie; and, as soon as he saw her turn the corner, he would rush out. They always met with a smile and a hand-shake, and walked away together. In about a quarter of an hour he came back alone, and left the house again at ten. This continued until the chilly autumn days set in, and there was always a whirl of the acacia-leaves on the pavement under the wall. Georgie did not often look up in passing them now. Perhaps she was thinking of the meeting close at hand.

The young clerk I called Arthur. Now that I had him as a daily subject of study, I began to approve of him more. I do not imagine that he was a man of any great energy of character; and even, what little he might have possessed, originally, must have been sapped by ill health long since; but there was a certain intellectual expression on his pale, large brow that overbalanced the feebleness of the lower part of his face. I could fancy Georgie, in her womanly faith and love, idealizing him until his face was as that of an angel to her—mild as St. John's, and as beautiful. Indolent and weak, myself, what I approve is strength of will, power to turn and bend circumstances to our profit; in Arthur, I detected only a gentle goodness; therefore he did not satisfy me for Georgie who, I said to myself, could live a great, a noble life, and bear as well the strivings of adversity as she now bore the sunshine of young happiness. If I could have chosen Georgie's lover he should have been a hero; but truth placed him before my eyes too gravely for misconception.

The winter was very harsh, very cold, very bitter indeed; but all the long months I never missed the bi-weekly transits of that brave-eyed girl. She had a thick and coarse maud of shepherd's plaid, and a dark dress now; but that was the only change. She seemed healthy-proof against the cruel blasts that appeared almost to kill poor Arthur. He was always enveloped in coat upon coat; and, round his throat, he wore a comforter of scarlet and white wool, rather gaudy and rather uncommon; but I did not wonder why he was so constant to its use, when I remembered that it was a bit of woman's work, and that Georgie's fingers had knitted it, most probably.

Ill or well, the winter got over,

and the more trying east winds of spring began. Arthur did not often issue forth to meet Georgie then, and I believe he had been obliged to give up his situation; for, I used to see him at all times of the day in the parlor of the opposite house; occasionally, when the sun was out, he would come and saunter wearily up and down the flags for half an hour, and then drag himself feebly indoors again. He sometimes had a companion in these walks, on whose stalwart arm he leaned—a good friend, he seemed to be.

"Ah! if Georgie had only loved *him!*" I thought, foolishly.

He was older than Arthur, and totally different: a tall, strong young fellow, with a bronzed face, a brisk blue eye, and a great brown beard. The other looked boyish and simple beside him; especially now that he was so ill. The two seemed to have a great affection for each other. Perhaps they had been school-fellows and playmates; but, at any rate, there was a strong bond between them, and Georgie must have known it.

I remember one warm afternoon, at the beginning of June, I saw Arthur and Robert (that was my gift-name to the brown stranger), come out and begin walking and talking together up and down the pavement. They were going from the corner when Georgie, quite at an unusual hour, came hurrying round it. She had in her hand one of those unwieldy bunches of moss-roses, with stalks a foot long, and she was busy trimming them into some shape and order as she advanced. She reached the door of Arthur's lodgings before they turned; and, just as she got to the step and seemed about to ring, she descried them in the distance. Spy that I was, I detected the blush that fired her face, and the quick smile of pleasure with which she went to meet them as they returned. Arthur took the

flowers listlessly. I could see that he was getting beyond any strong feelings of pleasure or pain, through sheer debility. In fact, he was melting away in the flame of consumption as rapidly—to use a homely saying—as a candle lighted at both ends. I wondered, more than once, whether Georgie was blind to his state; for she still seemed as cheerful as ever, and still wore that calm, good expression which I have mentioned before as characteristic of her. I believe she was quite in the dark, or else so full of hope that she could not and would not admit a sad presentiment. Arthur stood silent and tired, while Robert and she spoke to each other; and, after a minute or two, he grew impatient and would go indoors. I thought Georgie looked chagrined as the door shut, and she was left outside. I could not quite interpret that bit. She remained hesitating a second or two, and then started very quickly,—as if she had forgotten something,—back in the direction from which she had come.

Sometimes in my romances I should like to alter the few certainties that impose themselves as checks on my fancy. I would fain alter here, for instance, and make out that Robert fell instantaneously in love with Georgie, and that poor Arthur was only a cousin for whom she had a quiet, sisterly affection, and nothing more,—but I cannot. They were surely lovers, whose hearts were each bound up in the other.

The Thursday after the little incident of the moss-roses I missed Georgie for the first time. Could she have passed by earlier, I asked myself? I was certainly late for breakfast. On the following Saturday it was the same. "She has given up her pupil in this direction, or she is ill," I said; but the next week I watched, with an anxiety that quickened every pulse, for her

coming. I took up my post on the settee early, and kept my eye on the corner; but never saw her. On the succeeding Saturday I almost gave up my hope; for she was still absent, and I lost many an hour in devising explanations why. But the following Thursday my romance was continued. When I went into my sitting-room and threw up the window I saw the thin, pale hand of my opposite neighbor holding back the curtain of the window as he lay on his bed, and presently Georgie went by on my side, that his eyes might, for a moment, be cheered as he saw her pass. After that, I often saw the wan face of Arthur at the glass, and sometimes Robert's healthy brown visage beside it. One afternoon, Georgie came, as it were, stealthily to the door and rang the bell. She had a little basket and some flowers which she gave to the woman of the house, with whom she spoke for awhile, and then she went away very grave, downcast, sad. I was sure that she knew at last.

Every day now, two incidents recurred regularly. One was the arrival of the doctor in his green chariot; the other, the arrival of Georgie with her little basket and her nosegay of flowers. She always went indoors and stayed—sometimes only a few minutes, sometimes an hour or more. At this time my romance got a new light, or rather a new shadow. I began to think that Arthur was all Georgie had in the world; for nobody ever ever came with her; nobody ever spoke to her, but the woman of the house, and Robert.

Occasionally Robert would come out with her on the door-step, and they would converse together for a little while. It was about Arthur, I knew, from their serious looks and glances up to the room where he lay. I cannot tell how much I felt for Georgie, in the loneliness

by which my imagination surrounded her. I began to see in Arthur many virtues, many merits, which must have made her love him, that I had never seen in him before. His wan face looked patient, his great brow more spiritual than ever, and I was sure she would cling to him with a keener affection as she beheld him passing away.

I suppose when death comes amongst us, no matter how long we have been warned, how long we have used ourselves to think that he might knock at our door any day, his coming appears sudden—unexpected. I rose one morning as usual; and, on looking at the opposite house, saw that the shutters were closed and the blinds all down. Arthur, then, was dead. The milkman came to the door, the baker, the postman with his letters—letters for a dead man.

It was Thursday morning. Georgie would pass early. A little before nine she came, ran swiftly up the house-steps and rang. At the same moment, advanced in another direction, the man with the board on which the dead are laid. He was but just gone then! Georgie stood by to let him pass in before her, and I saw the shiver that ran through her frame as she watched him up the stairs, and thought what he was going to do. Robert came out to her; his manly face, grief-stricken and pale, was writhing as he recounted to her, perhaps, some dying message from Arthur, perhaps some last token of his love—I know not what.

Then Georgie came out crying—crying, O so bitterly; and in going down from the door she dropped the flowers that she had brought in her hand to gladden eyes that the sight of her would never more gladden on this earth. Robert picked them up, and, after watching her a few minutes on her way, went in again and shut the

door. But, in the afternoon, she returned and went upstairs to see what had been her lover. It is good to look at the cast-off mould of what we love; it dissevers us so coldly, so effectually from their dust. It forces us to look elsewhere for the warm, loving soul that animated it. There is nothing in that clay that can respond to us. That which we idolized exists elsewhere.

Every day—sometimes at one hour, sometimes at another—Georgie came to the opposite house, was admitted by Robert and visited the relics of her beloved. She seemed to be more than ever alone; for, even in these melancholy comings and goings, she was always unaccompanied. On the sixth day from Arthur's death, there was a funeral; and Georgie and Robert were the only mourners who attended it. Seeing the girl in her black clothing, white and tearful, I said, "She did love him, and I hope she will stay—for his sake—a widow all her life!"

The Thursday and Saturday morning transits were now resumed. Georgie looked graver, loftier, more thoughtful; like a woman on whom sorrow has lighted, but whom sorrow cannot destroy. Robert left the opposite house, and sometimes my fancy went home with the poor, lonely girl, and I wondered whether she had any friend in the world who was near to her and dear to her now.

For upwards of six months I never missed her with her roll of music twice in the week; but, at the end of that time, she suddenly ceased to appear in our quiet street, and I saw her no more for a long time. I thought that this romance of mine, like many others, was to melt away amongst the crowd of actualities; but, yesterday, behold! there came upon me its dramatic conclusion. Georgie and Robert, he strong and handsome as ever,

she fair and lovely, and wearing garments that had the spotless air of belonging to a new bride, came like a startling sunbreak into its gloom. They paused opposite the house where Arthur died, seemed to recall him each to the other, and then walked on silently and more slowly than before; but before they turned the corner I could see Georgie smiling up in Robert's

face, and Robert looking down on Georgie with such a love as never shone in Arthur's cold, spiritual eyes.

For an instant I had a little regret,—a little anger against her,—but it passed. Let Georgie live her life, and be happy! Did I not at the first wish that Robert, and not Arthur, had been her choice?

APOSTOLICITY ESSENTIAL IN THE CONSTITUTION OF THE CHURCH.

THE Church was founded by our Lord, on the Apostles in general, and upon Peter in particular, and rose into a building that was to endure forever. Having called His twelve disciples together, He gave them power over unclean spirits. These twelve Apostles Jesus sent, commanding them, saying: Go ye into the way of the gentiles, and going preach, saying, The kingdom of heaven is at hand (Matthew 10). Amen, I say to you, whatsoever you shall bind upon earth, shall be bound also in heaven; and whatsoever you shall loose upon earth shall be loosed also in heaven (Matthew 18). And Jesus coming, spoke to them, saying, All power is given to me in heaven and in earth. Going, *therefore*, teach ye all nations; baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world (Matthew 28). Of this foundation we read in the gospel of St. Mark: "Jesus appeared to the eleven, and said to them, Go ye into the whole world, and preach the gospel to

every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be condemned" (Mark 16). Speaking of the Church, St. Paul says: "Built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets" (Eph. 2:20).

The Church has always designated itself apostolical; from the Apostles it has traced its origin, its government, its priesthood, its hierarchy; it has ever declared itself to be the ancient, consequently the true religious body; and all others that call themselves Christian societies now, consequently false. "We acknowledge the one and only Catholic and apostolic Church, always inexpugnable, though the whole world should choose to war against it; and victorious over every most profane insurrection of the heterodox" (Alexander). The Council of Sardinia thus salutes the bishops: "To the bishops, in all places, and our co-ministers in the Catholic and apostolic Church." The Church has always opposed its doctrines, as having existed from the beginning, to heresy, which it has condemned for being an innovation. Thus did Irenæus: "This is true knowledge, the doctrine of

the Apostles, and the ancient system of the Church throughout the entire world, and the mark of the body of Christ, according to the succession of bishops, to whom they (the Apostles) delivered that Church, which is in every place." For all these heretics come long after bishops to whom the Apostles delivered the churches. Wherefore those priests must be obeyed who are in the Church, who possess a succession from the Apostles, as we have shown, who, with the succession of the episcopate, have received the unerring grace of truth, according to the will of the Father. But the rest, who depart from the principal succession and gather themselves together in any place whatever, we ought to regard as false and of evil sentiments, or as men who rend the unity of the Church, and as proud men, and men that pursue their own pleasure; or again as hypocrites, that act thus for lucre's sake and vanity. But all these have fallen from the truth. "Where, therefore, the graces or gifts of the Lord are, there it behooves us to learn the truth from those with whom is that succession of the Church which cometh down from the Apostles" (Adv. Hæres 4). The same principles are enunciated by Clement of Alexandria and Tertullian. "This faith (says St. Augustine) the Church possesses, this faith the Church defends, this faith, which she knows to have been delivered through the blessed Apostles. If you could go through all nations in a moment, thou wouldst find, most stupid emperor, that everywhere Christians believe as we do; and that persisting in this our defence, they desire, as we do, to die for the Son of God."

To this character of apostolicity pretensions were made by the Gnostics, who taught that the doctrines of the different Apostles had been preserved in their sect by a secret

tradition. The same claims were asserted by the Paulicians, and other heretical factions. The destructives of the sixteenth century, miscalled Reformers, considered this character as essential to the Church; they acknowledged the necessity of apostolical succession, and if any teacher arose who could not trace this succession in his ministry, they required that he prove his doctrines by miracles. Luther writes: "If he (Munzer) say that God and his Spirit have sent him, as they did the Apostles, let him prove this by signs and wonders, or let him be prevented from preaching; for when God will change the ordinary course of things he always does so by signs and wonders."

The Church is, and remains forever, the Church that was founded upon and by the Apostles. With this one and living fact of the institution and constitution of the Church is connected forever the authority of apostolicity. Whatever was taught and commanded by the Apostles, in the name of Christ, still remains; the power and sacredness that were once imparted to the Church must and do still continue with the Church. From the doctrine and sacredness imparted by the Apostles the Church at the present day exists. An institution which is not apostolical, that is, which has not the Apostles as its foundation and origin, cannot stand by the side of the Church which was founded by the Apostles; it can have no pretensions to the name of a Church. The Church which reposes on the foundation of the Apostles possesses within itself the tradition handed down by them of truth and of grace; it possesses within itself its mission to all nations, extending through all time.

The Sacred Scripture abundantly testifies that our Saviour made St. Peter in particular the foundation

of the Church, and endowed him with a supremacy of authority and jurisdiction. Before the Apostle uttered a word, or performed any action in the presence of his Master, he received a remarkable name, expressive of elevation, firmness, and harmonious unity. The adaptation and meaning of this name (*cephas*—*rock*) became developed when Christ laid the foundation of his Church on the Apostle. A reason for this exclusive privilege was given in the fact that Peter's faith was protected against alteration by a special prayer; and the good effects intended were exhibited in the obligation imposed on the Apostle, *to confirm his brethren*. To prevent any misunderstanding about the appointment of Peter unto a supremacy in the Church, the Saviour used the language and figures then familiar and customary among nations to signify the conveyance of a vicarial sovereignty, saying, "*I will give to thee the key of the kingdom of heaven.*" He also marked out the extent of the jurisdiction conferred, by a charge over the entire fold, including lambs and sheep, with a power of binding and loosing. All that had been granted to Peter was afterwards carried into execution, and practically illustrated by himself in the exercise of his office, and by the Church in its attention and compliance with his testimony and his government. He confirmed his brethren in the faith, by testifying to the resurrection of our Lord. He held together the parts of the building by putting Matthias in the place vacated by Judas in the apostolic ministry. He fed the lambs and sheep, being the first to preach "salvation in the name of Jesus crucified;" and presented to the Council of Jerusalem the first controverted question. Assuming the supremacy of St. Peter to be thus conclusively established, it is a necessary consequence that the

institution of it was not a mere personal gift, but that it is an inherent and integral portion of the organism of the Church of Christ, and accordingly it abides as the property and mark of apostolicity in the successors of St. Peter. It is a maxim of religious teaching that the Church of the living God was substantially the same before the advent of Christ as it was at the time of his visible mission; such it is in the present, and so it will continue till the end of time. "*God,*" says St. Paul, "*who at sundry times and in divers manners spoke in times past to the fathers by the prophets, last of all in these days hath spoke to us by his Son.*" So that whatever change may have been effected regarding sacraments and external rites of religion, the substance is the same throughout, becoming more developed, more illustrious. This we are taught by the Saviour, saying, "*Do not think that I came to destroy the law or the prophets, I am come not to destroy but fulfil.*" Whatsoever then we find to be a substantial leading matter in the constitution of the Church under its oldest form, and as such preserved by the sanction of Jesus Christ, it must continue to the end of time; but such is the supremacy conferred on St. Peter, therefore it must continue to the end of time. The first proposition is a self-evident truth, and the second is demonstrated by irresistible evidence. In the 8th chapter of Leviticus we have an account of the consecration of Aaron as the high priest and chief of the Levitical order. In every passage of holy writ where his name occurs, he is mentioned as one holding pre-eminence of position, and a supremacy of jurisdiction in the sacerdotal ranks. The 17th chapter of Deuteronomy informs us that, in the Mosaic dispensation, God appointed one supreme chief in his Church, to be a judge in matters of religion,

and to decide in all doubtful and controverted matters. In the 3d chapter of Numbers, where the different offices are distinctly enumerated, one chief prince of the Church is pointed out to whom all other rulers are subordinate. There it is written: "*And the Prince of the princes of the Levites, Eleazar, the son of Aaron the priest shall be over them that watch for the guard of the sanctuary.*" We have the succession of Eleazar to Aaron placed before us in the 20th chapter of Numbers. This succession is continued in the 20th chapter of Judges, where we read, "*Wherefore all the children of Israel came to the house of God, and sat and wept before the Lord, . . . and Phineas the son of Eleazar the son of Aaron was over the house.*" These few testimonies show us plainly and conclusively that, to preserve peace in the Church, to maintain unity of religious belief and harmony of ritual observance, as well as to set aside all harassing controversy, the Lord ordained and continued under the Jewish dispensation, the office of a High Priest, whose decision was to be obeyed, because it emanated from a supreme and divinely constituted authority. All this continued unto the time of Christ. The Evangelist St. John, recording the truthful statement of Caiaphas, "*that one man should die for the people, and that the whole nation perish not;*" says that, "*this he spoke not of himself, but being the High Priest of that year he prophesied that Jesus should die for the nation.*" So that even in a time of great corruption the institution was divinely preserved, and a wicked man like Caiaphas was gifted to announce infallibly a divine truth, because he was the High Priest.

That a supremacy in the Church was not destroyed but included in the fulfilment brought about by our Saviour is manifest by those testimonies which prove the juris-

diction established in St. Peter. Therefore we are forced to conclude that as a supremacy has been appointed by the will of God as a necessary constituent in the organization of his Church, and as such preserved by our blessed Saviour, it must in like manner continue to the end of time. Hence we may infer that all the distinction and authority found in St. Peter passed to his successors precisely as a similar authority passed on from Aaron to Eleazar, from him to Phineas, and thence through numerous links to Caiaphas. Moreover, the same evidence that proves the bestowal of this important office on Peter, proves its continuance and subsistence with his successors, and for the following reasons. Christ, who is the source of all power, most emphatically declared, that the authority with which the ministers of his word were invested was not temporary but permanent; that it was given not only for the erection of his Church, but for its maintenance throughout all ages. "*As the Father sent me, so I send you,*" said the Saviour to his Apostles collectively, therefore whatsoever commission was originally bestowed became authenticated by this declaration, which so very plainly indicates the continuation of the commission to the end of time. If then the right and duty of teaching and baptizing passed on from the other Apostles to their successors, in like manner, and for the same reasons, the right of governing and confirming the brethren passed from Peter to his successors. The rank and authority bestowed on Peter was for the benefit of the Church, or it was not. To say that it was not, would be accusing Christ of doing a useless thing. That it was for the benefit of the universal Church is plain enough, from the fact that its ostensible object was unity of faith and the pastoral care of the fold; therefore as the Church

is of perpetual duration, *always loved and sanctified by the Saviour*, who esteems it as *his spouse*, the benefit originally conferred must be continued. Christ prayed that Peter's faith might not fail, so that he might confirm his brethren. Now, who were his brethren? Are we to say, merely the members of the Church who lived in his day? Certainly not. All the members of the Church who will ever exist come under this designation; therefore this extensive work of confirming in the faith must be performed by persons contemporary with the brethren who are to be confirmed. The necessity for confirming was not diminished, but increased after the death of Peter, and certainly it cannot be supposed that the benefit in question was withdrawn when the brethren increased from thousands to millions. Not only did the Saviour lay the foundation of his Church on Peter—a rock—but likewise provided for its stability in the same secure position, throughout all ages, as he declares in those words, "*the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.*" Now the power of evil, indicated by "*the gates of hell,*" was exercised not only in the lifetime of Peter, but will be so to the end of time, "*the roaring lion always going about seeking whom he may devour.*" Therefore, as the evil always exists, the protection against it is equally durable, and as the protection was provided in the way agreeable to supernal wisdom, namely, in a concentration of authority, a plenitude of jurisdiction, and a supremacy of government in one chief, the very same method of preservation still exists, and is found in a person holding equal rank with St. Peter. Christ is *the same yesterday and to-day, the same forever*, so that his kingdom must be perpetuated to the end of time in the condition of its first existence. In all the descriptions of this kingdom we find

it represented under forms that imply this supremacy. It is called a building; therefore it has a foundation; it is a household, therefore it has a master; it is a vineyard, therefore it has a steward; it is a body, therefore it has a head; it is a sheepfold, therefore it has a pastor; consequently, through a necessity arising out of its perpetual duration, it carries with it those distinctive marks, those essential qualities, manifested in a *chief* like Peter—a *rock*, a *pastor*, a *governor* with the keys, a *steward* binding and loosing, a *head*, *confirming* and uniting the members of the body. Christ ordered Peter to feed his lambs and sheep without any exception, and thereby we must admit he gave to him a perpetual office, which must continue till the end of time, because all the sheep were not in the fold when Christ spoke; many nations have been converted since that time: "*Other sheep I have (says Christ) that are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice, and there shall be one fold and one shepherd.*" Most assuredly a pastor must be always present to execute the duties of Peter's office in regard to those sheep that are thus being from time to time brought into the fold. Now, we ask, where is this succession found? Who holds the office thus proven to be necessarily existent? Who performs the duties indispensable in the constitution of the Church? Whilst we look to every age and nation, whilst we hearken to the voice of every people, there is no other claimant to be found except the Bishop of Rome. By separatists from the Catholic Church that Pontiff is assailed on account of the possession of this office; he is revered by Catholics, and obeyed, because he is known and believed to perform legitimately its functions. Therefore the divine institution and maintenance of the

office being demonstrated, then the sole and exclusive occupancy of said office being with the Roman Pontiff, he is the inheritor of St. Peter's

privileges, and consequently the divinely constituted head of the Church on earth.

WORDS.

WORDS are lighter than the cloud-foam
 Of the restless ocean spray;
 Vainer than the trembling shadow
 That the next hour steals away.
 By the fall of summer raindrops
 Is the air as deeply stirred;
 And the rose-leaf that we tread on
 Will outlive a word.

Yet on the dull silence breaking
 With a lightning flash, a word
 Bearing endless desolation
 On its blighting wings, I heard.
 Earth can forge no keener weapon
 Dealing surer death and pain,
 And the cruel echo answered
 Through long years again.

I have known one word hang star-like
 O'er a dreary waste of years,
 And it only shone the brighter
 Looked at through a mist of tears;
 While a weary wanderer gathered
 Hope and heart on life's dark way,
 By its faithful promise shining
 Clearer day by day.

I have known a spirit calmer
 Than the calmest lake, and clear
 As the heavens that gazed upon it,
 With no wave of hope or fear;
 But a storm had swept across it,
 And its deepest depths were stirred
 Never, never more to slumber,
 Only by a word.

I have known a word more gentle
 Than the breath of summer air,
 In a listening heart it nestled,
 And it lived forever there.
 Not the beating of its prison
 Stirred it ever, night or day:
 Only with the heart's last throbbing
 Could it fade away.

Words are mighty, words are living:
 Serpents with their venomous stings,
 Or bright angels, crowding round us
 With heaven's light upon their wings:
 Every word has its own spirit,
 True or false, that never dies;
 Every word man's lips have uttered
 Echoes in God's skies.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

TIGRANES. A tale of the days of Julian the Apostate. Translated and abridged from the Italian of Father John Joseph Franco, S. J. Philadelphia: P. F. Cunningham & Son, 29 South Tenth Street. 1874.

This beautiful work of the great Jesuit novelist of Italy first appeared, if we are not mistaken, in the great organ of the Papal party of Europe, *La Civiltà Cattolica*, and it now comes from its well-known American publishers as "No. 6" of their "Messenger Series" of Catholic romances, and has, we are happy to add, received already an unusually warm series of greetings from the Catholic press of the United States, to which encomiums we now desire to add a welcome on our own part no less cordial because it comes somewhat late. In the first place, the translation is remarkably good, so, unexceptional, in fact, as to run with the chasteness and fluency of an original composition, and the fine diction and sentiment have afforded the translator a brilliant opportunity, of which he has not failed to avail himself. As a literary effort it possesses the mingled massiveness of an historical work, with the delicate grace of a captivating novel, and if at times the narrative seems somewhat to drag, it redeems itself for the temporary *contretemps* by numerous passages remarkable for brilliancy of description or startling vividness in the plot. Among these we have only space to enumerate the description of ancient Athens, with which the story opens, and the chapter entitled *The Sacred Liturgy*, though there are many others equally worthy of special mention. The historical and saintly personages of the period are finely delineated, while the development of the hypo-

critical character of the great Imperial Apostate is a masterly piece of pen-painting. We feel disposed to regret that the original has been somewhat abridged, though doubtless it has been done judiciously, and this certainly will not materially mar the pleasure in store for those readers whose name we confidently hope will be LEGION, not only on account of the interest and pleasure its pages will awaken, but more especially for the admirable lessons of self-repeating history which it teaches the "liberal" Catholics of our own times. The typography is clear and beautiful, and the binding richly chaste.

THE LIFE OF ST. THOMAS OF VILLANOVA, Archbishop Valencia and Augustinian friar, with an introductory sketch of the men, the manners, and the morals of the sixteenth century. First American edition. Philadelphia: P. F. Cunningham & Son, 29 South Tenth Street. 1874.

Some years ago there hung in the parlor of what was then the Jesuit College of Philadelphia, but now known as La Salle College of the Christian Brothers, a large picture representing St. Thomas of Villanova distributing alms to the poor. The painting was, we believe, the property of a sister of the late General Meade, U. S. A., residing in New York, but we have often wondered since if the large number of persons who gazed so earnestly upon the beautiful masterpiece of art during its temporary exposition in our city, had failed to take away with them a heartfelt admiration and love for him whose form and character it so graciously portrayed. One of the great galaxy of the CHURCH'S REFORMERS in

the sixteenth century; one of the most shining lights of the Church in heroic old Spain; one of the master minds that illuminated her grand intellectual centres of Alcalá and Salamanca; one whose rare combination of all virtues, but especially his charity, not merely towards the professed mendicant, but more especially towards those whose position in life would only permit of their destitution being relieved with the delicacy of thoughtfulness and circumspection of charity which only a refined mind could administer, have merited for him the honor of canonization among the most brilliant saints in the court of heaven. Messrs. Cunningham & Son seem to delight in publishing but two classes of books, Catholic tales and biographies of the saints. We have just reviewed their newest issue of the former series, *TIGRANES*, and we now take up with pleasure a companion publication and their latest addition to the latter class in the life of this glorious son of St. Augustine. The biography itself is simply a republication of the Oratorian life by Father Faber, but it is enriched in this, its first American edition, by the historical introduction referred to on the title-page, and which is from the pen of Rev. T. C. Middleton, O. S. A., of Villanova College, Delaware County, Pa. This introduction is in itself a volume of research and thought, presented in a neat and flowing language, which claims most promptly the attention of the reader, and holds it in a charmed grasp of interest till he finds himself not only through the introduction but almost unconsciously at the end of the entire work. We hope that the publishers will allow us just one word of indirect disapprobation, and that in the form of a suggestion, that in future editions the present pictorial frontispiece be either entirely omitted, or its place supplied by something equally appropriate and decidedly better.

AN ESSAY CONTRIBUTING TO THE PHILOSOPHY OF LITERATURE. By B. A. M. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. 1874.

Although there are no direct pretensions to Catholicity about this work, yet it bears with it the indisputable characteristics of a Catholic treatise, the aim of which, in the language of the preface, is to embody in a united whole the laws and principles of literature in its most general relations; again, the author properly tells us that his work is too succinct throughout to be anything more than suggestive of thought on the subject treated, while the essay being intended

for young men of advanced classes, he has suited his otherwise attractive style to their comprehension, to the detriment perhaps of the interest of general readers. We confess that when we took up the book we felt somewhat prejudiced against it; closer, though by no means thorough inspection, has decidedly softened our prejudice. The work is pre-eminently scholastic, and, we believe, thoroughly orthodox. His chapter on Literature and the Reformation will need careful reading, in a class where students are not thoroughly acquainted with the history of that eventful period, for he seems to us as leaning unduly towards the Protestant version of the history of that time. Undoubtedly many if not all the scandals to which he alludes, did exist in the sixteenth century, within the pale of the Church, but that they existed as a *rule* rather than as *exceptions*, which we think he would incautiously lead untutored minds to infer, we most emphatically deny. We regret that lack of time has prevented us from giving the book a more thorough investigation, and nothing but close examination should allow an opinion to be expressed, but from the cursory review we have made of its pages, we would at present draw no harsher inference than that some of its passages might be beneficially toned to a more judicious key, if its author meant it for extensive use in Catholic colleges.

In justice to the writer, we say that the book is evidently not intended for the weak-kneed students to be found in the greater part of our colleges. It is meant for such as have learned to think, by having been taught to study. It is better for our students to learn something which will require real thought, be it ever so little, than any amount of mere memorizing.

To use this essay properly, both teacher and student must be in earnest, and we need more such books, with the improvements, however, that we mention above.

FOR HUSKS, FOOD. By the author of *Lascine*. New York and Montreal: D. J. Sadlier & Co. 1874. Received through Cunningham & Son.

The author of *Lascine* is, as we presume every one knows by this time, an Oxford convert, and a Catholic gentleman of London, now sojourning in this country. In a review of his first work, which we find in our December number, the writer stated, "We can safely say if it does little good, it will do no harm," a sentiment which we must repeat with regard to the present volume. The au-

thor certainly possesses a refined and cultivated mind, which is about the largest meed of compliment we feel like paying him, for when an author gifted with common sense, and possessing as excellent literary abilities, as richly stored and devotional a mind as some of these pages would indicate, wilfully drops his tone of manliness, we cannot excuse him for marring an otherwise praiseworthy effort, by adopting a style of writing indicative only of talents for the art of intellectual simpering. The very nonsensical title is an excellent index of the style. We do not wish to be too severe, but it is absolutely irritating to find some really exquisite word pictures set in such a ridiculous framing, while the "talk" of some of the characters would rather serve to nauseate us with the "husks" of poetical piety, than to strengthen us with the "food" of solid devotion.

SIN AND ITS CONSEQUENCES. By Henry Edward, Archbishop of Westminster. New York and Montreal: D. J. Sadlier & Co. 1874. Received through Cunningham & Son.

A new volume of Sermons, by Dr. Manning, and if possible better than even their predecessors from the same source. We need not of course recommend them, but we cannot refrain from thinking, that from the practical nature of the themes here presented, they will prove more acceptable to readers generally, than the other works of England's prospective cardinal, which usually savor very strongly of the theological tendency of the author's mind. They are eight in number, six treating of the various kinds and degrees of Sin, Penance, and Temptation, the latter being especially applicable to almost every one who is willing to read it. There are likewise two on *The Dereliction of the Cross, and the Joys of the Resurrection.*

THE PIONEER; a poem by William Seton, author of the Romance of the Charter Oak, the Pride of Lexington, &c. New York: P. O'Shea. 1874.

Any one as capable as Monseigneur Seton of writing good prose ought to be willing to forego the risk of inditing poor poetry. If he be a poet we can find no evidence of the fact in the neat little volume before us, which presents a very brilliant cover as the sole equivalent for the purchaser's money. *The Pioneer* is an exceedingly simple and not uninteresting narrative, told on a few tinted pages of smooth and elevated blank verse. What might have been made of the theme in hands more habituated to handling a poet's pen we are scarcely prepared to say, but certainly not much less could be brought out of it by any writer of reputation.

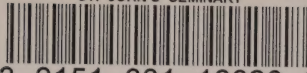
ADELINE DE CHAZAL; or Six Months' Experience of the World after Leaving School. Translated from the French by a Sister of St. Joseph. Philadelphia: P. F. Cunningham & Son. 1874.

The title of this publication sufficiently indicates its theme, which is treated in a series of letters combined in the form of a plotless narrative. It seems to be much more solid and practical in its dictations than such works usually are, and will be read, we imagine, with much interest. We feel, however, somewhat inclined to take exception to the chapter treating of balls and theatres, which, though quite sound in theory, is, we think, just a little too severe in its application, thereby exciting a tendency to scrupulosity in persons of a position and age peculiarly liable to that unmitigated evil.

CATHARINE HAMILTON; a Tale for Little Girls. By M. F. S., author of Tom's Crucifix, and other tales. New York: Catholic Publication Society. 1874.

A very creditable little juvenile, which we cordially recommend.

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